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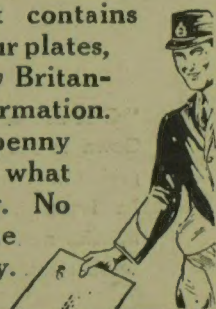
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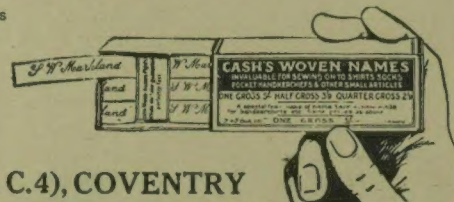
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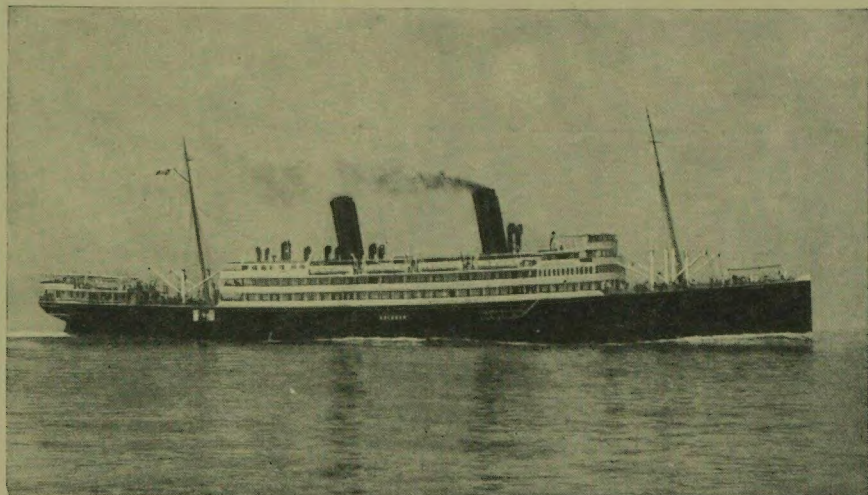
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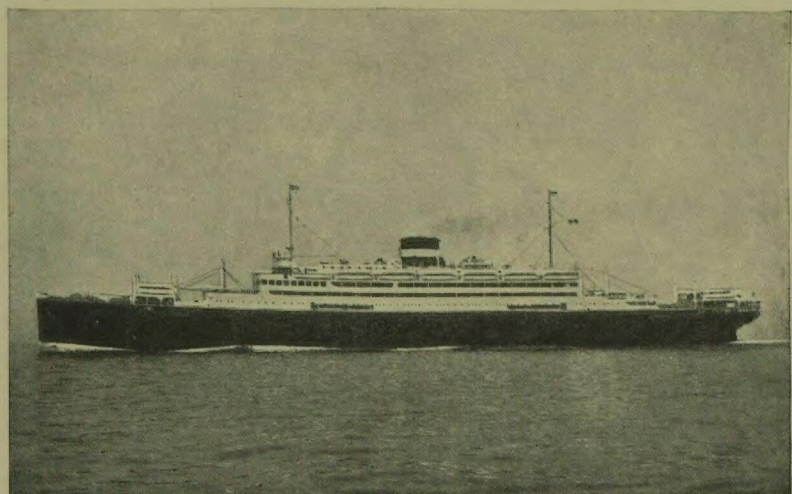
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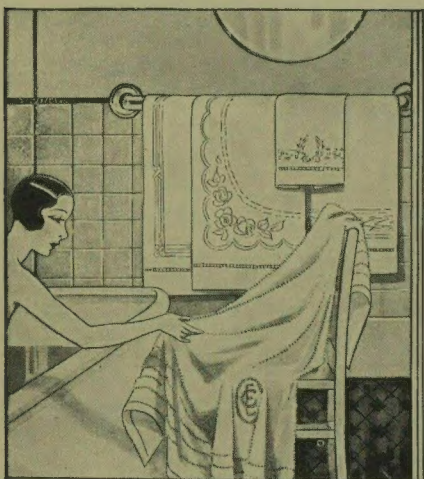
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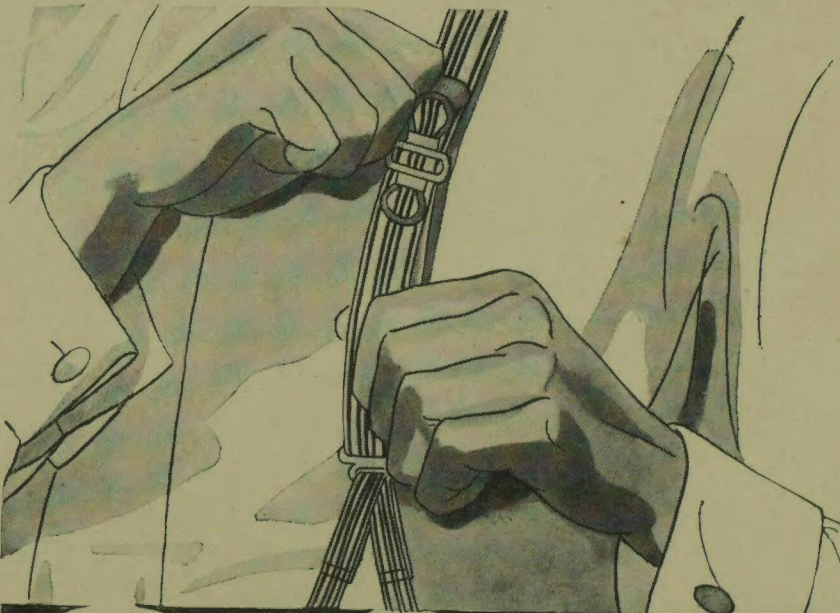
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 Poor shattered Egbert shrinks when Nurse draws near,  
 It costs him fifteen guineas every week  
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Oh, why are Ministering Angels banned?  
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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1930.

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## A NEW "POWER" IN GERMANY: HERR ADOLF HITLER, LEADER OF THE NAZIS, OR NATIONAL SOCIALISTS.

The political situation in Germany was transformed by the startling success, in the recent elections, of the National Socialists (popularly known as the Nazis), who, as recorded in our last issue, increased their number of seats in the Reichstag from 12 to 107. Subsequent rumours that they were preparing a *Putsch*, or violent revolutionary movement, were officially denied on September 20

by the Reich and Prussian Governments. It was reported, however, that their leader, Herr Adolf Hitler, was organising a great review to be held at Potsdam on September 27 to celebrate the Party's triumph. He is said to have declared in a speech at Munich, on the other hand, that his electoral success was the first step towards attaining power "by legal and constitutional means."





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

ABOUT this time I celebrate a sort of Silver Wedding in my relations with *The Illustrated London News*, having encumbered this page for exactly twenty-five years. If in the course of those years any curious enquirer has ever actually looked at the page, he may have learned enough of my stunted, stagnant, and superstitious mind to know that I approve of Silver Weddings. Nay, even, by a further stretch of fanaticism, of Golden Weddings. It follows logically (to a simple mind like my own) on the primary position of approving of Weddings. Heaven knows what has happened to these two antiquated commemorative conceptions in the course of the casual experiments that are now called Weddings, especially Society Weddings. If the symbols of Silver and Gold are now unfashionable, those metals are certainly not disliked because of their costliness, but presumably because of their durability. In these days there must be commemorations at shorter intervals, symbolised by more flexible substances. Those who have managed to remain married for a week will celebrate a Paper Wedding, the natural substitute for a Golden Wedding in the present state of the currency. Those who have survived even their Paper Wedding may hang on long enough to enjoy their Putty Wedding, reserved for those sterner spirits who can keep their promises not only for a week, but for a fortnight. At what intervals should occur the very rare festivals known as the Plasticine Wedding, the India-rubber Wedding, and the quaint old Gutta-Percha Wedding I will not venture to speculate. It would seem idle to dwell in detail on merely exceptional types, or the strange and stubborn survivals who manage to remain married for more than a month. As the Rev. Gallio Gushing said so beautifully the other day, although the spirit of the age may require a man to deceive his wife or desert his children more rapidly than our simple fathers would have understood, it can be done equally reverently, and in the same really Christian spirit.

Anyhow, I have had the good fortune to celebrate a Silver Wedding with this paper, and with other things as well, and I have come to the conclusion that continuity rather assists the sense of variety. The changes in the world, and even the changes in the street, are all the more vivid to me because I am still looking at them through the same window. The habit of breaking up life into a series of separate episodes, whether in this or in more serious affairs of life and literature, does not seem to register real change, because it does not register real comparison. In the progressive novel of the Good Time Coming, the writer does not really report progress, but rather mark time. "The Loves of Ludd Ostrogoth" (that stark but passionate work) does not really give us a sense of change and growth, because poor Ludd's loves were so very separate, disconnected, and inconsequent. Apart from any ideal of constancy, they do not suggest even the continuous experiment of variety. They rather suggest quite separate experiments in monotony. These powerful writers can compress an astonishing amount of dullness into one

brief, breathless, intensive scene. And just as the number of women Mr. Ostrogoth got tired of makes the reader himself feel deeply and sympathetically tired, so the number of fashions that have swept through society would affect me sadly if I had accepted them separately; that is, if I had taken them seriously. As it is, I prefer to take them in the lump, and laugh. For some strange stampedes have rushed, this way and that, down the street since I first began to look out of the window. I have seen the word Imperialism used as a trumpet to summon all our comrades, as a taunt and curse to blast all our enemies; and now, as likely as not, used again in a favourable sense, though nobody knows what sense. For the only thing that has never happened to any of these terms of abuse or admiration is anybody really attempting to state what they mean. I have seen all Germans venerated as Heroes of Asgard; I have seen all Germans vilified as Huns from Hell; I have seen the

And my own views in those matters have not altered by so much as a shade. I should still be attacking Puritanism if it were there to attack; as it was, not very long ago, in England, and still largely is in America. For one of the enormous things I have seen since I began writing in this paper is the colossal collapse of what we used to call the Non-conformist Conscience. I am not sure it was not more huge and historic than the collapse of the White Czar or the Holy Roman Empire. In the days of my youth it was a great political power, and proved it by being a great political tyranny. It did things that turned the course of history, and now it seems impotent to turn any crank or crazy hedonist from his course of folly. It ruined a great patriot like Parnell, for a fault that could as easily have been alleged of a great patriot like Nelson. To-day it seems hardly strong enough to prevent an Adamite worshipping Apollo with no clothes in Clapham. It

hectored a great popular aristocrat like Lord Rosebery for recognising the existence of the Derby; to-day it would hardly question Mr. Lansbury above a whisper about the proprieties of the Serpentine. Its power has fallen, but its fall has done almost as much harm as its power. We always said that England would be damaged by Puritanism, but we never knew that the worst damage would be done by the inevitable failure of Puritanism, which broke down and let in a flood of Paganism.

One feature of this failure is very odd indeed. The Puritan has become the Prohibitionist, in the narrow sense of having only one thing to prohibit. In so far as he still prevails, he has concentrated the whole of his old moral indignation on the one isolated infamy of drinking a glass of beer. If the workman can still be prevented from having one glass of beer, it seems to have become a secondary matter whether he has one wife or twenty, or one child or none. We used to complain that the modern Puritan had added a Moslem commandment to the ten Christian commandments. It seems hardly to matter now whether all the Christian commandments are broken, so long as the one Moslem commandment is kept. The moralist has become the monomaniac, which is surely in itself a proof of the essential dwindling and drying up of his spirit; like the last cup of

wine poured out by an Arab fanatic upon the desert sand. But at no stage of the transformation have I altered my attitude, and I am only opposed to his special veto as I was once opposed to his general ideal; as I am even more opposed to the opposite ideal he has let loose on the land.

For I have always believed, in a sense not understood by either Puritan or Pagan, in the Simple Life. Only it is a simplicity of the heart and not of the dress or diet, and the essence of it is thanks. The new Puritan will not give thanks for wine or drink it, and the new Pagan will drink it without giving thanks; and poor old Omar, with his loaf and jug, finding the wilderness a paradise, was nearer to the truth than they. Compared with our Puritans, he was a Pagan, but, compared with our Pagans, he was a Christian.



THE WRITER OF "OUR NOTE-BOOK" CELEBRATES THE "SILVER WEDDING" OF HIS ASSOCIATION WITH "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS": MR. G. K. CHESTERTON, WHO HAS NOW OCCUPIED THIS PAGE FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

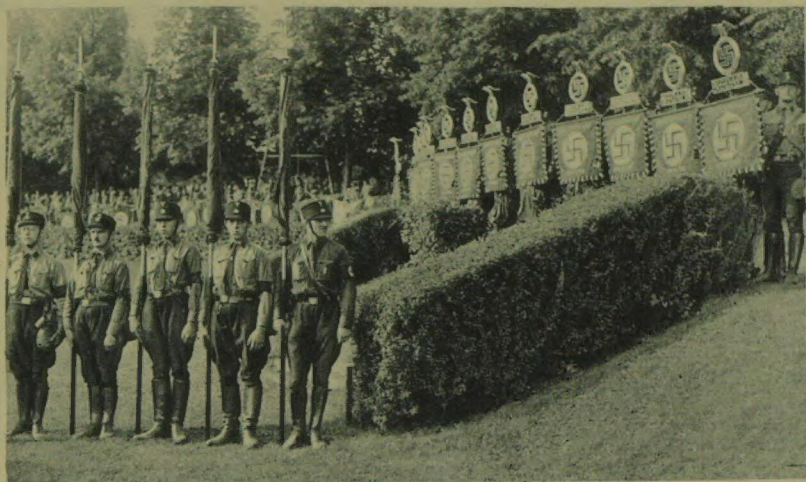
As Mr. Chesterton notes in his present article, he celebrates this month "a sort of Silver Wedding" in his relations with "The Illustrated London News," for it is now just twenty-five years since his first article appeared, in our issue of September 30, 1905. The opening words—"I cannot imagine why this season of the year is called by journalists the Silly Season"—struck at once a characteristic note of the inimitable series of essays with which he has delighted our readers week by week ever since; that is, a humorous approach to serious subjects, a genius for paradox (or the unexpected), and a logical manner of turning popular fallacies inside out. Mr. Chesterton, we may recall, was born at Campden Hill, Kensington, in 1874. He was educated at St. Paul's School, and afterwards studied art at the Slade School, a training which has had occasional results in illustrations to some of his own works. The list of his books is much too long to enumerate here. Suffice it to say that they exhibit his versatile catholicity, and include critical essays, poems, historical and biographical studies, novels, and detective stories, as well as a work of travel, "What I Saw in America." He has also been a constant contributor to the periodical press.

beginnings of a pathetic attempt to rebuild Asgard once more. I have seen Italians bitterly denounced for being slack and sleepy, and more bitterly denounced for being stringent and vigilant. I have lived through decades in which the Irish were abused for being lawless and passionate, and I shall live to see them abused for making laws against the excesses of passion. I remember when anything could be believed against the rule of the Czar, and when anything could be believed against rebels against the Czar. But in all this welter, some things had fallen out well; and, thank God, before I died I have seen Poland free.

But I note chiefly this change in England, which is not a change in me. When I began to write on this page, I was writing against the Puritan. As things stand now, I am writing against the Pagan.



# "GERMANY, AWAKE!" THE NAZI MOVEMENT: A NEW STORM CENTRE IN GERMAN POLITICS.



THE NAZI EMBLEMS AND MOTTO: NATIONAL SOCIALIST BANNERS (RIGHT BACKGROUND) BEARING THE SWASTIKA SIGN AND THE INSCRIPTION "DEUTSCHLAND, ERWACHE" ("GERMANY, AWAKE!").



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MOVEMENT  
DEVELOPED  
FROM A GROUP  
OF SIX PEOPLE  
IN 1919 TO A  
PARTY  
NUMBERING  
OVER SIX  
MILLIONS: A  
GREAT PARADE  
OF THE NAZIS  
(THE NATIONAL  
SOCIALIST  
GERMAN  
WORKERS'  
PARTY),  
SHOWING THE  
UNIFORM  
DRESS THAT WAS  
AFTERWARDS  
FORBIDDEN.



SCENES OF PUBLIC ENTHUSIASM FOR THE NATIONAL SOCIALISTS IN GERMANY: A MARCH-PAST OF THE NAZIS WITH THEIR "SWASTIKA" FLAGS, ACCLAIMED BY THE NAZI SALUTE.



ROYAL INTEREST IN THE NAZIS: PRINCE AUGUST WILHELM OF PRUSSIA (SECOND FROM RIGHT) BESIDE DR. GOEBBELS (THIRD), THE BERLIN LEADER OF THE MOVEMENT, WATCHING A MARCH-PAST.

As noted on our front page, Herr Adolf Hitler, the leader of the National Socialists (Nazis) in Germany, was reported to have organised a great review to be held at Potsdam, on September 27, to celebrate the Party's success in the recent elections. It was stated that he would appear, not merely as a political leader, but as chief of his "storm troops," as his organised followers are called, and that he would be accompanied by Prince August Wilhelm of Prussia, fourth son of the ex-Kaiser, and probably by other royalties, as well as by several Generals. Instructions were issued to the men, it was said, to come in Nazi uniform—dark shirts and breeches—as it was believed that the existing order

forbidding the wearing of uniforms would be withdrawn. The Nazis originated, it may be recalled, at Munich in 1919, when Herr Hitler, their leader, joined the German Workers' Party, then consisting of "a group of six people." Their numbers have since increased to about six and a-half millions. The Nazi's slogan is "Germany, awake!" and they carry red flags adorned with the swastika emblem. Their general aim is to make Germany strong. The backbone of the party is the "storm detachments," whose members, after being forbidden uniforms, went bareheaded, and wore a white shirt with trousers and belts. The defence squads, or Nazi "police," provide Herr Hitler's personal bodyguard.



# THE POPE AND THE VATICAN CAPTIVITY.

By **SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,**

*The distinguished Italian Philosophical Historian; Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.*

We continue here our monthly series of articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

AT the first news of the earthquake which devastated Southern Italy last July, a rumour was afloat that the Pope was about to leave the Vatican and visit the people who had been so cruelly afflicted. That rumour was only a new manifestation of a move begun on Feb. 11, 1929, the day on which the treaties of conciliation between the Holy See and the Italian Government were signed. Immediately after the signing of those treaties, the newspapers let loose the most sensational stories. The Pope would go to Germany; the Pope would pay a visit to London; the Pope would embark for the United States! The railway-station with which the Lateran treaties had endowed the little Pontifical State seemed to these excited newsmongers to be the symbol of touring ardours by which even the Vicar of Christ was going to be affected in this century of perpetual displacement. The same spirit led a great automobile factory to present a superb motor-car to his Holiness, a vehicle of which the papers gave a detailed description. It was an invitation to make journeys addressed by modern industrialism to the only great Western personage who had been stationary for sixty years.

But up to the present the invitation has not been accepted, though eighteen months have passed since the régime of conciliation was established. The Pope did not even preside at the centenary fêtes of the Abbey of Monte Cassino, as had been announced. He was represented by a Cardinal Legate. Neither has he used his new condition to flee from the torrid heat of the Roman summer to the heights of Castel Gandolfo. So far he has limited himself to making a single tour of St. Peter's Square at the head of a solemn procession, without leaving the territories of his State, and to going in a motor-car to St. John Lateran one morning. But that unique outing was surrounded by discretion and mystery: the public only heard of it after his Holiness had returned to the Vatican.

Public opinion begins to suspect that there is something behind this immobility which is inexplicable to it. How is it that the Pope, after having been liberated, continues, of his own accord, to remain a prisoner? Secret reasons which must be political complications are sought for to explain this contradiction. I do not know whether these reasons and complications really exist, but I ask myself whether that supposed mystery, by which Italy is so much intrigued, has not, in reality, a very simple cause: whether the Pontiffs prefer to use the touristic possibilities offered to them by the Lateran treaties with the greatest discretion because they see no reason for allowing themselves to be dragged into the whirlpool of the modern world.

We know how it came about that the Popes shut themselves up in the Vatican. In September, 1870, while the Italian troops were marching on Rome to take possession of it, Pius IX., who at that time inhabited the Palace of the Quirinal, retired to the Vatican in the Leonine city, from which, as a sign of protest, he never emerged. His successors persisted in that attitude, and were of the same spirit. The Pope, who never ceased denouncing the occupation of Rome as a forced usurpation, refused to recognise the Kingdom of Italy; in order that that refusal might be complete, the successors of Pius IX., in their turn, wished to reduce to the minimum the passive contact which their remaining in Rome

rendered inevitable, and they continued to shut themselves up in the Vatican.

It was a disdainful secession, designed not only as a protest against the Kingdom of Italy, but against that Europe which was the outcome of the French Revolution, against that century which, with sacrilegious hands, had dared to strike, despoil, and enchain the Church. The Head of the Church isolated himself in the midst of the epoch given up to the triumph of Satan, and took refuge in his immense Palace, there to await with patience the solution of that huge enigma which the French Revolution constituted for all its adversaries. But gradually the irritable protest of a spiritual Power at grips with the force of arms and the spirit of the century changed its character. It was transformed into a kind of august and preservative isolation, and into an unexpected defence against the democratic erosion which the currents of modern life have exercised on all other Powers. That violent manœuvre, conceived and executed in a paroxysm of despairing struggle, became a

its immense riches, its hierarchy, its regular and secular clergy, was not only a religion but a State within a State; a huge body whose interests and political responsibilities were sometimes associated with and sometimes subordinated to the civil powers, and, when they were not struggling with them, formed a vital organ of the Government. Religion mixed itself up with politics and politics with religion; incredulity was the first and most attenuated form of the revolt against the State; everyone went to church, because the strict observance of religious observances was the duty of a good subject; and the prevailing power exercised a certain pressure upon the lukewarm and the sceptics, and obliged them, at least, to hide their sentiments. An apparent unanimity seemed to withdraw religion from controversies and doubts and attacks of incredulity.

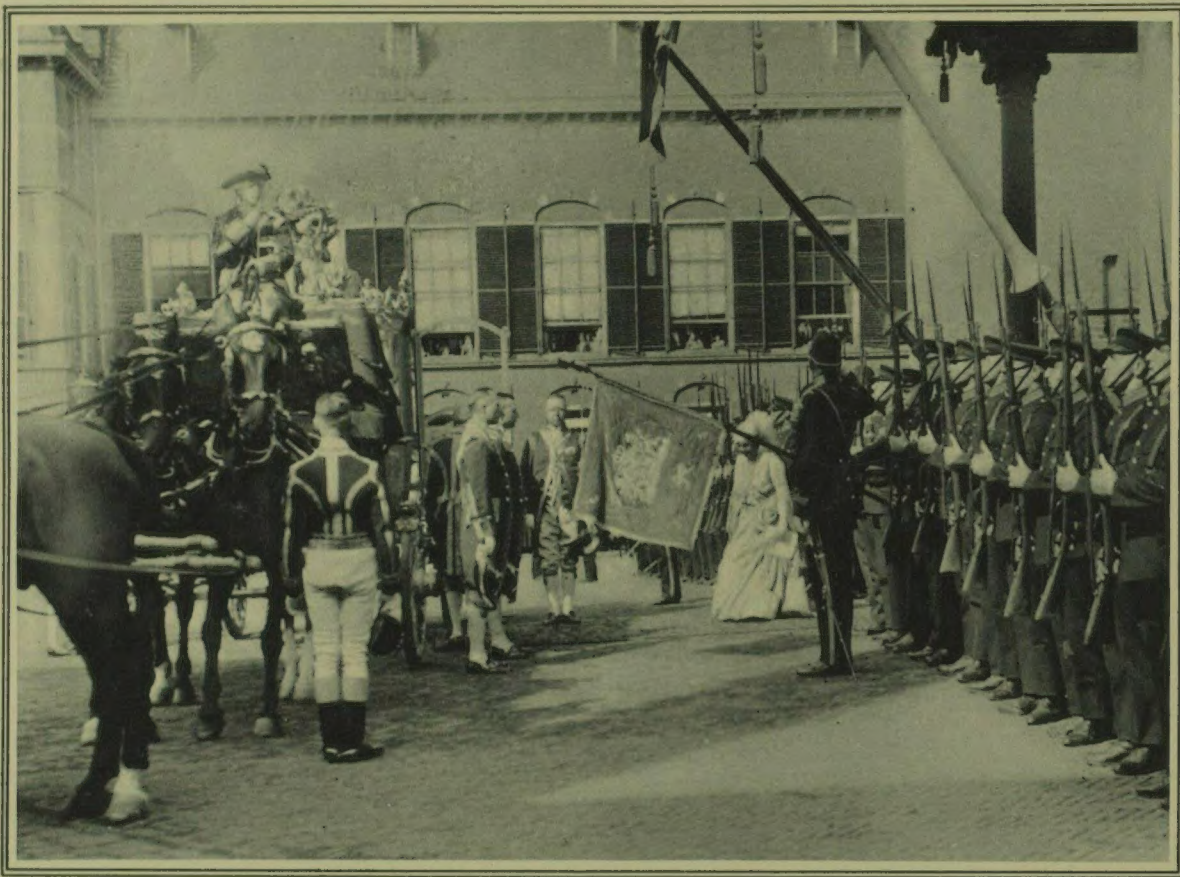
The Revolution destroyed that combination of religion and politics on which the old régime had lived. During the eighteenth century the State became lay throughout Europe. The economic transformation of the world finished the work of reform and political revolution. In mere

figures the Church is probably not much less rich to-day than it was in the eighteenth century, but relatively it is infinitely poorer. However great its riches may be in themselves, they constitute an infinitesimal part of the total riches of the world to-day; whereas in the eighteenth century they represented the third and sometimes the half of the total sum of riches. Her part as a means of world influence has become very small.

Thus it is that the Church to-day is nowhere one of the directing forces of the State. Among the highest clergy, this diminution has not ceased to be regretted as a lamentable falling off. But we must not shut our eyes to certain great advantages which have accompanied this diminution. It is, perhaps, thanks to this that the Catholic Church alone has escaped from that tyrannical law of quantity, under the yoke of which the modern world is forced to bow, by obliging it to augment the quantity of everything to the detriment of its quality. Before the French Revolution, the Church in Catholic countries could count on the apparent unanimity of those who were faithful

to it, because all of them were practising Catholics. But in that multitude there were a great many unbelievers who hid themselves from motives of prudence. In the lay States of the nineteenth century, when everyone was free to believe or not to believe, the number of believers diminished, but their quality has improved, because they are more disinterested and, consequently, more sincere. Free in the midst of so many opposing forces, Faith has increasingly become a conviction, purified from all utilitarian considerations, a real adherence of the intelligence and heart to that which appears to them to be the truth. It is obvious that one real adherent of that kind is worth more than all the former more or less forced adherents of old days. That qualitative purification in the midst of a scepticism which seems to invade everything is not confined to Roman Catholicism; it is to be found all over Europe in all Christian churches. It is a kind of aristocratic secession, so to say, which has taken place in religion and runs counter to all the movements of contemporary civilisation. But I ask myself sometimes if it is not just on account of this counter-movement that Christianity is preparing itself once more to play a decisive part; very soon we shall know where the great crisis of quantitative civilisation will descend on this world that is tired out by its contradictions and excesses. . . . History is full of these sudden changes in the rôle of social forces. In any case, there is no doubt that the isolation in which the Head of the Catholic Church has lived in Rome since 1870 is only a particularly visible, almost symbolical, form of that aristocratic secession which has characterised the

[Continued on page 554.]



SALUTING THE STANDARD OF HER MARINES WITH A CURTSEY: QUEEN WILHEMINA AND HER GUARD OF HONOUR AT THE OPENING OF THE DUTCH PARLIAMENT AT THE HAGUE.

prophetic attitude and a means of salvation of universal significance.

The nineteenth century in Europe, at least, was characterised by a confusion of Powers, some of which rose from below and others of which descended from above, Powers who met and mingled at a certain medium height so that, together, they might govern a part of the world in a combination which savoured of discord. Among the first must be reckoned all the elective and representative institutions of modern democracy; among the second the aristocracy, the monarchy, and the Church. But the fate of those three Powers was very different. Aristocracy and monarchy were swallowed up, as it were, by quicksands. Certain aristocracies and certain monarchies remained imprisoned; others perished, and their scattered bones cover half Europe. The Church, on the contrary, managed to escape and released herself from that confusion, by sacrificing a large part of the riches which she had accumulated in times of peace and nearly all the political power which she had enjoyed under the old régime.

The persecution to which the French Revolution subjected the Church is always considered by Catholic historians to have been the most terrible calamity (except that which followed the Revolution) by which the Church of Rome has been stricken. It even made them forget the most sanguinary Imperial persecutions. But has it not produced very different effects from those which the persecutors anticipated? *Salus ex inimicis*, said the Ancients. Up to the time of the French Revolution, the Church, with



# TRAINING GERMAN POLICE HORSES: STEADINESS BEFORE MOB AND DIN.



HOW THE MUNICH MOUNTED POLICE INURE THEIR STEEDS TO THE DIN OF TRAFFIC: HORSES AT A POLICE RIDING-SCHOOL STANDING FIRM WHILE MOTOR-CYCLISTS DRIVE AMONG THEM; WITH A POLICEMAN SETTING ROCKETS IN PLACE IN PREPARATION FOR THE NEXT TEST.



A FURTHER TEST PREPARED BY THEIR TRAINERS FOR THE HORSES OF THE MUNICH MOUNTED POLICE, SO THAT IN FUTURE NOT EVEN THE NOISE OF A CIVIL COMMOTION OR OF BOMBING WILL MAKE THEM UNEASY: ROCKETS EXPLODING AMONG THE STATIONARY MOUNTED POLICEMEN, AN ORDEAL WHICH EVERY HORSE SEEMS TO TAKE WITH PERFECT CALM.

The modern police horse, as well as being intelligent and docile, must be inured to every one of the variety of loud noises which it is likely to encounter in a large town filled with traffic, and occasionally, perhaps, the scene of rioting. Naturally, the training of beasts with such ideal qualities calls for much experience, as well as considerable energy. Here we illustrate some of the ingenious tests devised by trainers of horses for the use of the Munich mounted police; and

Munich, it is interesting to recall at this particular moment, is the "capital" of the German "Fascists" and the city of Herr Hitler's headquarters, while it was here that he began his *Putsch* of 1923. Our readers will remember that in June of this year we illustrated some of the remarkable feats of steadiness and agility performed by the horses of the London Mounted Police during their display at Imber Court, Esher.



# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

## THE MICHAELMAS GOOSE.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

STRAWBERRIES at Christmas time, even if they do cost a guinea each, do not interest me. Rather, like so many of my fellow-men, I prefer the good things of this life in their due season; only then can their full piquancy be enjoyed. And thus it comes about that when Michaelmas comes we do our best, for a brief space, to banish all thoughts of Michaelmas bills, and abandon ourselves to that most delectable of meats, a Michaelmas goose, wherein we are but following in the wake of generations of men who, in their day, followed custom even more faithfully.

It were well that at such times we should pay tribute to the man who first provided us with this fine bird; but his name is lost in antiquity. We know nothing as to the date of the first domesticated geese, but we may assume that the appreciation of goose-flesh long preceded domestication. Perchance the men of the Stone Age were the first goose-herds. For at that period all over Europe wild-fowl of all kinds thronged the meres in myriads. Doubtless they had means of killing them, even though their lethal weapons were of the most primitive sort. But they had yet another source of supply. This was presented in July, when all the geese are reduced to the state of Samson shorn of his locks. For then takes place the great moult of the year, when the old quill or flight feathers have to be shed "in a clean sweep"—

But no one yet seems to have realised that these peculiarities of behaviour ever exist.

Though seemingly unpromising as a field of investigation, it is yet worth while to take at least a general survey of the more ancient types of the Anatidæ left to us to-day; since from these we may gather some ideas about the stock from which the whole tribe has descended. Perhaps the most interesting of these types is that strange-looking bird, the "screamer" (*Chauna*), shown in Fig. 3. In appearance it is certainly very unlike our conception of a goose. The beak is more like that of a gallinaceous bird than of a goose, while the toes, it will be noted, have no webs, and the hind-toe is conspicuously long. It is remarkable, again, for the fact that, as in the gannet, between the skin and the body there is interposed a mesh-work of great air-cells. The use of this pneumatic tissue to such a bird is inexplicable in the present state of our knowledge of its habits. In the gannet we interpret it as a means of avoiding the consequences of concussion when the bird plunges from a height into the sea, as it does when fishing.

We must, it would seem, regard the "screamers"—of which there are three species, divided between

two genera—as an "annectant" type, showing affinities with the flamingoes, and through them to the storks, on the one hand, and still more certain affinities with the geese, ducks, and swans on the other. Having regard to their undoubtedly primitive character, it is a matter for surprise to find that the nestlings are not longitudinally striped, but of a uniform coloration. It seems evident that we must regard these birds as holding a position near the parting of the ways of an assemblage of birds which, differing in constitution, responded

to the various types we now call storks and herons, swans, geese, and ducks.

Assuming this to be the case, a brief outline of the environment of the screamers to-day must be given. This lies in the swamps of the Argentine and Colombia. Here, much of their time is spent on



FIG. 2. A BIRD WHICH FIGURED AS A CHARACTER IN EGYPTIAN HIEROGLYPHIC: THE EGYPTIAN GOOSE (*CHENALOPEUS*).

The Egyptian goose is really a sheldrake; that is to say, it belongs to the ducks rather than to the geese. It was well known to the ancient Egyptians.

as in the case also of some other aquatic birds. As a rule, these feathers are shed in pairs, so that flight is at all times available to escape danger. The ducks, geese, and swans are enabled to make a clean sweep of their wing-feathers because they can retreat out of harm's way either into vast jungles of reeds or far out on the water. For countless ages, all went well at this time. But when man came on the scene, matters were changed. He being a scheming animal, and observant, they were more or less at his mercy during this danger period. They could be "rounded up" and slain, till he was tired of slaying. The natives of Kolguev pursue this method even to-day.

Only in settled communities, living in a temperate climate, could geese be kept in a state of domestication. But it is noteworthy that of all the species of wild geese only one—the grey-leg—has proved amenable to domestication; or, in other words, will breed freely under these conditions, for many species live long in confinement, and will, in some cases, breed. But there can be no dependence on this; hence they are unprofitable.

What exactly is the subtle difference in the constitution of this species which lends itself to the attainment of man's ends? And why, by way of contrast, is the grey-leg goose so much more conservative than the jungle-fowl? From this last breeds innumerable—most of them bearing no sort of resemblance to the wild parent stock—have been raised. With the "grey goose" matters are very different. We have brought into being, by selective breeding, white geese, and geese with curiously frizzled feathers, but that is the limit of our achievement. Nor have we increased their prolificness; though from the jungle-fowl breeds have been brought into being which, in the number of eggs produced annually, far exceed any other known bird of any species whatsoever. Here are hidden mysteries which may, or may not, be capable of solution.

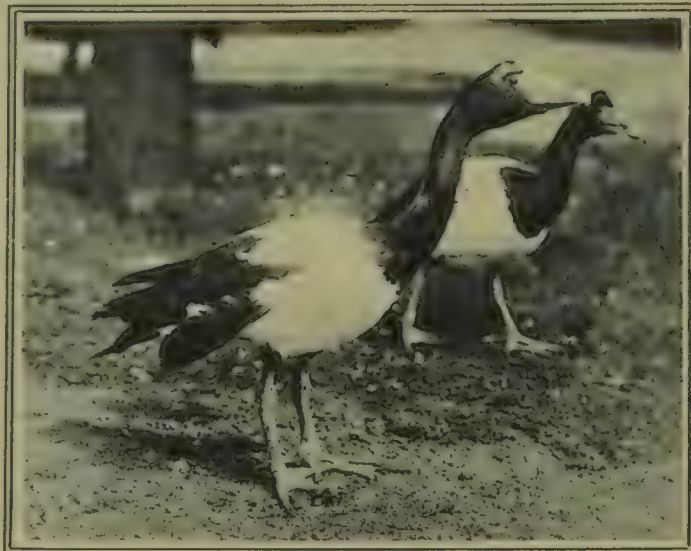


FIG. 1. A PRIMITIVE TYPE OF GOOSE—LIKE THE CRESTED SCREAMER: THE MAGPIE GOOSE (*ANSERANAS*).

In the magpie goose the toes are half-webbed, and the hind-toe is conspicuously long, yet it rests, not on the water, but perched in trees.

the water. But, like the adjutant storks, they are fond of prolonged soaring flights at a high altitude. And, it is to be noted, they share this environment with both storks, geese, and ducks. But each and all have become adjusted to the conditions imposed by the nature of the food. More than this I cannot say, since it is necessary to make a brief mention of at least two other most interesting Anatidæ.

Let me take first the magpie goose (*Anseranas*) (Fig. 1). Here the toes are partially webbed, and here, as in the screamers, the hind-toe is conspicuously long. The association of webbed feet with birds which spend much time afloat seems natural, because it is the rule. But it must be remembered that the water-hen tribe have long slender toes and no web. As if to add to our mystification, *Anseranas*, with half-webbed toes, spends much of its time perched on trees, and shows no great fondness for the water. The magpie goose—or, from its coloration, the "black-and-white goose"—is an Australian species. It is not conspicuously goose-like. And this because of its long legs, and the form of its beak, which rather recalls that of a swan than of a goose. Another remarkable feature of this bird concerns the windpipe, which, growing too long for the neck, is thrown into coils lying between the skin and the breast muscles. But there are many points about the life-history of this bird which need amplification. When the desired information has been obtained, we shall probably find an explanation of many of the features which now worry us.

Finally, I come to the bird known as the "Egyptian Goose." It is goose-like in size, but structurally it is more nearly allied to the ducks. It forms, indeed, a connecting link therewith, and is undoubtedly to be regarded as one of the sheldrakes, and as with the typical sheldrake, both sexes are coloured alike. In the ducks, the female wears a dull dress. Its affinity with the ducks is emphasised by the coloration of the wing, which displays what is known as a "speculum," formed by a lustrous bar across some of the secondary wing-quills. What is still more important, the windpipe agrees with that of the true ducks in having, at its lower end, a bulbous body-chamber.

The nestlings, again, are patterned after the fashion of ducklings. Curiously enough, only one member of the Anatidæ—and that is *Cleopha*, a goose—has a fully-developed pattern of longitudinal stripes. The nestlings of all the others show, at most, but a vestige of this original pattern. Bearing these things in mind, our Michaelmas goose this year may not only leave delicious memories of an uncommonly good dinner, but also food for the mind which can be ruminated on long after.



FIG. 3. THE CRESTED SCREAMER (*CHAUNA CHAVARIA*): A PRIMITIVE TYPE OF THE GOOSE FAMILY.

In the screamer, the long beak lacks the lamella found in the swans, geese, and ducks, and the ribs have no "uncinate processes"—differing in this from the ribs of all other birds.

in different degrees to the stimuli of a common environment; and, in the process of adjustment to special ends, split up more and more, to give rise



## FRESH LIGHT ON ANDRÉE'S FATE: THE "ISBJORN" DISCOVERIES ON KVITO.



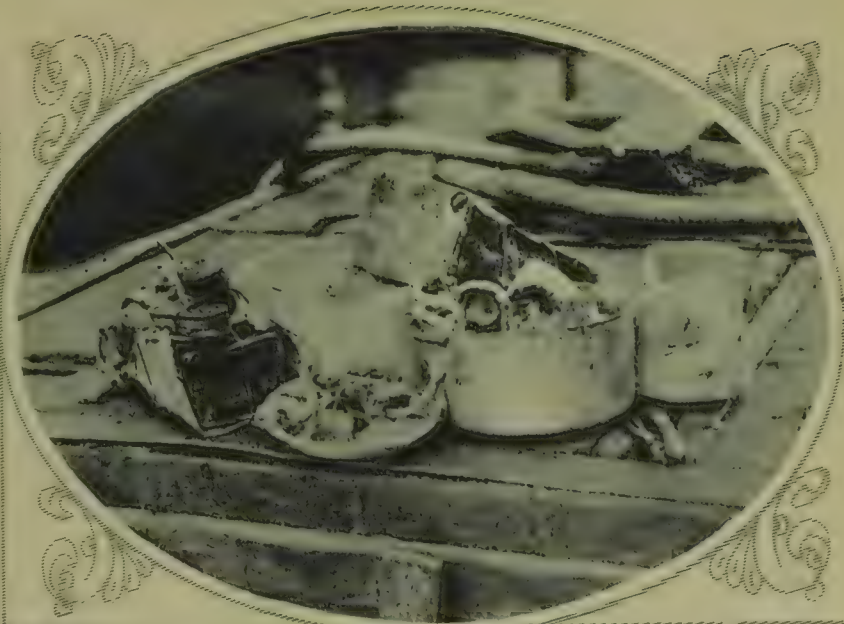
AN ARDUOUS TASK INTERRUPTED OCCASIONALLY BY POLAR BEARS: A MEMBER OF THE "ISBJORN" PARTY RECOVERING RELICS FROM THE STEEL-LIKE ICE IN WHICH THEY WERE EMBEDDED.



SHOWING REMAINS OF ANDRÉE'S DRIFTWOOD SHELTER (IN LEFT BACKGROUND) BELOW THE CAIRN ERECTED BY DR. HORN: ONE OF THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS RECEIVED OF THE "ISBJORN" EXPEDITION AT WORK ON KVITO (WHITE ISLAND).



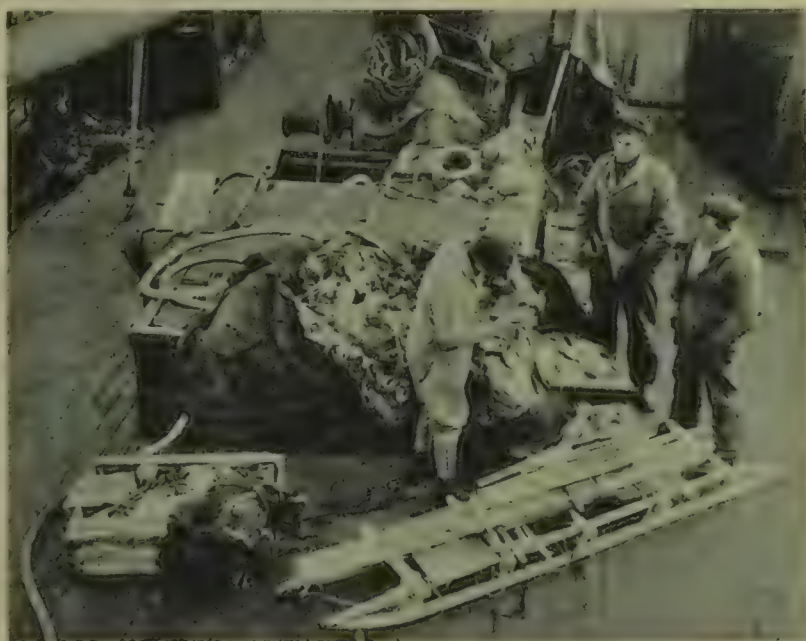
FRÄNKEL'S RESTING-PLACE: THE SPOT WHERE THE THIRD SKELETON (BELIEVED TO BE HIS) WAS RECOVERED, BY THE "ISBJORN" PARTY, AT THE ANDRÉE CAMP ON WHITE ISLAND.



KITCHEN UTENSILS FROM ANDRÉE'S CAMP, AND A PLATE CONTAINING REMAINS OF THE LAST MEAL: RELICS OF THE LOST EXPLORERS ON BOARD THE "ISBJORN."



A BOX HOLDING FRÄNKEL'S REMAINS COVERED WITH ANDRÉE'S BALLOON FLAG: AN ACT OF HOMAGE DURING WHICH DR. STUBBENDORFF (SEEN ABOVE) AND THE CREW STOOD IN SILENCE.



ANDRÉE RELICS FROM WHITE ISLAND ON BOARD THE "ISBJORN": OBJECTS INCLUDING A SLEDGE, OARS, CLOTHING, BALLOON COVERING, AND EQUIPMENT.

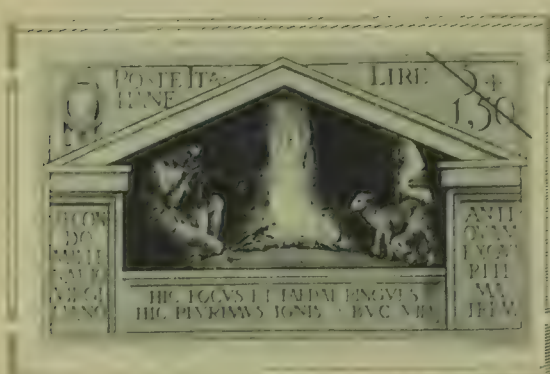
The old Swedish gunboat "Svenskund," which took Andrée to Spitzbergen in 1897 for his ill-fated attempt to reach the North Pole by balloon, has also been used to bring home his remains and those of his two brave companions. With the coffins of Andrée, Strindberg, and Fränkel on board, the "Svenskund" left Tromsø, in Northern Norway, on September 19, and is expected to reach Stockholm on Sunday, the 28th, when an open-air funeral service will be held there. It may be recalled that, since the original discovery of Andrée's camp on White Island (Kvito) on August 6, by a Norwegian scientific expedition under Dr. Gunnar Horn, in the ship "Bratvaag" (which left the island on August 7), the relief

ship "Isbjorn" arrived there on September 5, and further discoveries were made at the camp by a landing party under Dr. Stubbendorff, leader of the expedition. They found a third skeleton and skull (since identified as that of Fränkel), and salvaged, among many other objects, Strindberg's diary and Fränkel's note-books, a sledge, oars, an anchor, clothes, shoes, quantities of balloon covering, letters, instruments, ammunition, fuel drums, cooking utensils, and tinned-food cans. A loose skull previously found, and believed to be Fränkel's, was decided to be that of Andrée. The "Isbjorn" reached Tromsø, on September 16. The diaries throw much light on the adventures and heroic endurance of the lost explorers.



## STAMPS TO COMMEMORATE THE BI-MILLENNARY OF VIRGIL: THE DESIGNS.

FROM THE DRAWINGS BY DR. CORRADO MEZZANO.



THE 5-LIRE: THE GLOWING HEARTH AND THE PEACEFUL HOME; WITH A QUOTATION FROM VIRGIL. (BUCOLICS VII.)



THE 1.25: ÆNEAS'S TROJAN CREW GREET ITALY ON FIRST SIGHTING IT. (ÆNEID III.)



THE 50-CENTESIMI: AGRICULTURAL PLENTY AND FELICITY FAR FROM THE TURMOIL OF CITIES. (GEORGICS II.)



THE AIR-POST: JOVE SENDING FORTH HIS EAGLE INTO THE BOUNDLESS SPACES OF THE AIR. (ÆNEID I.)

OF the numerous plans to celebrate the bi-millenary of Virgil, the forthcoming issue of Italian stamps will have the widest popular appeal. They will be issued in October, and the low values in particular will circulate very widely in the inland and international mails. The stamps are due to the initiative of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, supported by the Director-General of Fine Arts and the Postal Administration. Their aim, while proclaiming the undying fame of the Mantuan poet, has its practical aspects. The stamps have a message for Italians of to-day, in every land; and the profits on the sales will be devoted in part to the restoration of Virgilian monuments, and in part to the National Institution of the "Sons of the Littoral." There are ten designs by Dr. Corrado Mezzano, from whose original drawings our photographs are taken. He has drawn upon Virgil's scenes and text to convey a message

(Continued below.)



THE 75-CENTESIMI: THE APOTHEOSIS OF HAPPY MOTHERHOOD AND DOMESTIC CONTENTMENT. (GEORGICS III.)



THE 20-CENTESIMI—THE MOST FREQUENTLY USED: "THE GRANDEUR THAT WAS ROME." (ÆNEID VI.)



15-CENTESIMI: ÆNEAS HEARING HIS DIVINE COMMISSION FROM THE SEER HELENUS.



25-CENTESIMI: ÆNEAS, WONDERING, VIEWS THE HERITAGE OF HIS LINE. (ÆNEID VII.)



THE 30-CENTESIMI: A SYMBOLIC FIGURE OF FRUITFUL AND GENEROUS ITALY. (GEORGICS II.)



THE 10-LIRE: MARTIAL VALOUR AND THE PRIDE OF YOUTH. (ÆNEID XI.)

(Continued.)

to Italians everywhere to rally to the Motherland, and to the cult of Eternal Rome. "Antiquam exquirite matrem" (Æneid III.)—"Go seek your motherland"—is his main theme, and appears on every stamp. In addition, each stamp has a quotation apposite to the scene depicted, six scenes from the Æneid, three from the Georgics, and one from the Bucolics. On the 15-centesimi, using an artist's licence with the poet's scene, Helenus, the seer, is directing Æneas towards Ausonia. The message of Helenus is given to Anchises in Æneid III., 477: "Behold there is the Ausonian land for you; go seize it with your ships." On the 20-centesimi the most extensively used denomination, Anchises reveals to Æneas the future greatness of Rome, with the famous text which, in Dryden's verse, became "But, Rome, 'tis thine alone with awful sway To rule mankind, and make the world obey." Arrived on Tiber's banks, Æneas salutes his destined home

and country, on the 25-centesimi. We then pass to the Georgics, the 30, 50, and 75 centesimi all bearing scenes and texts illustrative of the fertility of the Italian soil, that Saturnian land, great giver of earth's bounties, great mother of heroes; farmers blessed to excess, if they but knew; family life, the little children climbing for a kiss. The inclusion of a special stamp design for air mail in the Virgil series has enabled Dr. Mezzano to present a novel interpretation of the famous line from the first Æneid in which Jove promises endless empire to the Roman race. "To them no bounds of empire I assign, Nor term of years to their immortal line." The artist brings earth, sea, and sky to his picture, a paved Roman road, the commanding figure of the chief of the immortals, and his attribute, the eagle in flight. The Roman Eagle may represent for us the conquest of the air, which knows no boundaries, and is eclipsing time.



## THE RUSSIAN NAVY ON MANŒUVRES: TYPICAL SOVIET WAR-SHIPS AND CREWS.



THE SOVIET WAR-SHIP WHICH RAMMED THE BRITISH SUBMARINE "L 55" IN FINNISH WATERS IN 1919: A RUSSIAN MINE-SWEEPER, WITH CREW ON DECK.



FLYING THE SOVIET FLAG (WITH THE HAMMER AND SICKLE IN CENTRAL STAR): THE AFTER DECK OF THE RUSSIAN BATTLE-SHIP "OCTOBER REVOLUTION."



ABOARD ONE OF THE LARGER UNITS OF THE "RED" NAVY: A FUNNEL AND CONTROL-TOWER OF A SOVIET WAR-SHIP.



BIG GUNS OF THE "RED" NAVY: A STRIKING DECK VIEW ON BOARD A RUSSIAN BATTLE-SHIP, SHOWING HER THREE TRIPLE GUN-TURRETS.



IN A COMMUNIST NAVY WHERE THE CREW KNOW DETAILS OF THE SHIP'S COURSE: THE COMMISSAR OF THE "OCTOBER REVOLUTION" EXPLAINING THE MANŒUVRES TO SAILORS WITH A CHART.

OFFICERS OF THE BATTLE-SHIP "OCTOBER REVOLUTION." (L. TO R.) LEMESSOW, POLITICAL COMMISSAR OF THE SHIP; RAVINOWITSCH; BOGUSLOWSKI, COMMISSAR OF THE FLEET; AND ANOTHER.



It was reported lately that comment had been caused in Turkish political circles by the continued presence in the Black Sea of the Soviet war-ships "Pariskaya-Communa" ("Paris Commune") and "Profintern," which were then still at Sevastopol and unlikely (it was said) to leave the Black Sea this year, although, when they unexpectedly passed through the Straits last January, it had been announced that they would return to the Baltic after undergoing repairs. Although the above photographs do not show the particular ships above mentioned, they are of general interest not only in view of Turkish uneasiness regarding Russian naval movements, but also, in themselves, as illustrating representative Soviet war-ships and types of their officers and men. The photographs were taken during recent naval manœuvres, and in this connection it may be recalled that, early this month, the Profintern ("Red" Trade Union International) sent a

delegation of forty Germans and Poles to Kronstadt to inspect the Baltic "Red" Fleet. "The delegates (said the "Times") called together the officers and men of the Fleet on board the battle-ship 'October Revolution' and harangued them on the necessity for high efficiency in the 'Red' Fleet of the U.S.S.R., the 'Fatherland of the world's masses.' The Soviet authorities also sent a number of authors and painters to attend the manœuvres, to collect materials for books and pictures with a view to making the 'Red' Fleet better known among the masses at home and abroad. The Sovkino (Soviet Cinema Organisation) has also been commissioned to make film scenes for exhibition at home and abroad." The map shown in one photograph is headed "Chart of the Course," and bears the names of Sweden (left), Finland (top), Esthonia (under the Commissar's hand), and (below) Lithuania (left) and Latvia (right).



# A FILM OF RUSSIA'S CHIEF PROBLEM: "THE EARTH"—A PICTURE OF PEASANT LIFE.



A TYPE OF PEASANT CHARACTER IN RUSSIA:  
AN OLD WOMAN.



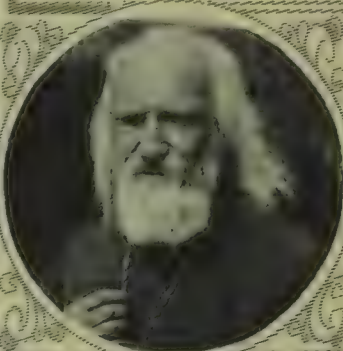
AN EXAMPLE OF RUSSIAN ARTISTRY IN FILM-MAKING:  
A PEASANT GIRL AMONG SUNFLOWERS.



A PEASANT WATCHING A NEW MACHINE  
PLOUGH: A STUDY IN CONSERVATISM.



REGISTERING ANGER: A YOUNG PEASANT  
READY FOR "FISTICUFFS."



THE CROSS STILL EVIDENT IN  
RUSSIAN COUNTRY LIFE: A  
VILLAGE "POPE."



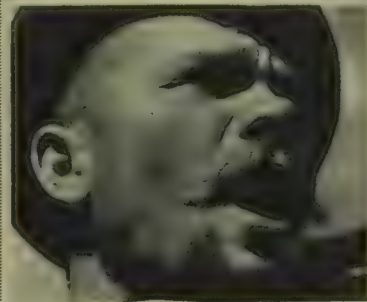
REGISTERING LAUGHTER: A PAIR OF  
RUSSIAN PEASANT GIRLS "WREATHED IN  
SMILES."



REGISTERING GRIEF: AN OLD WOMAN  
AT A FUNERAL.



TYPES OF RUSSIAN PEASANTRY:  
A STUDY IN PHYSIOGNOMY.



AMUSED SURPRISE: A PEASANT  
WATCHING THE ARRIVAL OF A  
MACHINE PLOUGH.



TYPES OF RUSSIAN PEASANTRY:  
A MAN SINGING.

REGISTERING RUSTIC HUMOUR:  
A RUSSIAN PEASANT TYPE.



"THE PLOUGHMEN": A VIVID STUDY OF FACIAL EXPRESSION, DENOTING  
SURPRISE AND CURIOSITY WITH ACTIVE MOVEMENT.



ASTONISHMENT AND VOCIFERATION: RUSSIAN PEASANT TYPES IN "THE EARTH,"  
A FILM ASCRIBED TO O. DOVJENKO.

The photographs given above and on the opposite page are of great interest as showing various types of character and facial expression among the Russian peasantry, whose vast inarticulate mass, forming the bulk of the population in Russia, has from the first presented the most difficult problem to the Soviet authorities ever since the Revolution. Questions concerned with agriculture, and the production and distribution of its products, are continually arising. The

countryman never sees eye-to-eye with the townsman, and is apt to distrust mechanical innovations. Such appears to be the general scope and purport of the Russian film from which our illustrations are drawn—namely, "The Earth," said to have been directed by O. Dovjenko; but the photographs have reached us with very scanty information, and no details of the story, except that it is "very simple, but exceedingly human." It is also stated that the acting is wonderful.

[Continued opposite.]



## MODERNISING RUSSIAN AGRICULTURE: OLD TYPES AND NEW METHODS.



"PEASANTS  
RETURNING  
FROM WORK":  
TYPES OF THE  
INARTICULATE  
MILLIONS  
WHOSE  
CONSERVATISM,  
AND LATENT  
HOSTILITY TO  
URBAN IDEAS,  
CONFRONTED THE  
BOLSHEVISTS  
WITH THEIR  
MOST DIFFICULT  
PROBLEM

"PUSHING THE  
PLOUGH": A  
TYPICAL  
INCIDENT IN  
"THE EARTH"—  
A RUSSIAN  
FILM OF  
PEASANT LIFE,  
BY  
O. DOVJENKO,  
CONCERNED  
WITH RUSTIC  
OPPOSITION TO  
THE INTRO-  
DUCTION OF  
NEW  
AGRICULTURAL  
MACHINERY.



*Continued.*

and the film is shortly to be shown throughout the world. Some account of M. Dovjenko and his art occurs in a book reviewed in our last issue—"The Film Till Now," by Paul Rotha (Jonathan Cape)—though only two films, "Zvenigora" and "Arsenal," are there ascribed to him. "Of particular interest (we read in a chapter on 'the Soviet Film') among the younger school is the work of Dovjenko, one of the directors for the Vufku-Kino, of the Ukraine, who is outstanding for his individuality of vision. In many peculiarities Dovjenko is

unique, not only in the cinema of Soviet Russia, but in that of the world. He has primarily an extraordinary faculty for adapting the characteristics of writers and poets, as well as those of other directors, welding them with personal touches into his themes. . . . He combines the mystical feeling of Dostolevski, Hofmann, and Gogol in his ever-wandering imagination. . . . It is my belief that in Dovjenko Soviet Russia has a director of unprecedented vision, of wonderful imagination, and of rare freedom of mind."



# The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

## ROUND THE WORLD IN FIFTY MINUTES.

EVEN before the days of sound, the interest taken by the public in the news-reels wedged in between the so-called "feature" pictures was far greater than the general exhibitor appeared to recognise. By news I do not mean merely the pictorial record of achievements in the fields of sport and politics, but those amazing "close-ups" of Nature at work, of flood and fire, of volcanic eruption and the toll of the sea. It has always seemed to me that an unrivalled aspect of kinematic enterprise lay in the alertness of the news-recorders. The promptitude of the cameramen engaged in the pursuit of the extraordinary all the world over has gone, in the main, unsung and unbelauded. Yet the results have spoken eloquently of their courage as well as of their skill, and their faculty for being "on the spot" has always been little short of miraculous. The advent of sound has undoubtedly lifted their work into greater prominence, and the slogan of "hear what you see" has an actual value when it is applied to the news-reel. Yet if that slogan were reversed, it would more accurately describe the foundations of the news-reel's popularity, a popularity, I venture to assert, which has existed since the earliest days of its establishment. "See what you hear," or, in other words, "what you read about," expresses a universal desire. It is the *raison d'être* of pictorial journalism. It is the outcome of a legitimate and

see the figures that are at the moment in the public eye. The very expression "in the public eye" explains the widespread appeal of the news-reel.

The recognition of that appeal was bound to come. The only matter for surprise is that it did not come sooner. It has been left to the management of the

of the day after the doors are opened at noon. The success of the innovation cannot, therefore, be regarded as a mere flash in the pan. It is true that the ebb and flow of public favour is governed by laws more arbitrary than those obeyed by any watery tide, yet this much is certain: the policy of the Avenue Pavilion has given the news-reel the importance it deserves, and has proved that it must in future be regarded not merely as buttress for pictorial drama, but as one of the most live and attractive contributions to the kinema.

## "THE WINDJAMMER."

Behind the making of "The Windjammer," a chronicle of the sea shortly to be shown in London, lies the romance of two young Australians who shipped as ordinary seamen in the old three-masted sailing-vessel *Grace Harwar*. She is one of the last of the full-rigged "windjammers," whose route lies round the dreaded Cape Horn, and, though she is a beauty to look at, with her slim build and her spreading canvas, she can and does give her crew a devil of a time when she meets with dirty weather. Moreover, she has the reputation of having little regard for human life. Mr. A. J. Villiers and his companion, plus

a camera, faced the perils of the voyage and the discomforts of *Grace Harwar's* narrow fo'c'sle for the sole purpose of obtaining a photographic record of the fast-disappearing sailing-ship. They had vision. They apprehended the beauty of white sails and the awful majesty of angry seas. They had courage, too, for a seaman's duties on board a sailing-vessel are as risky as they are arduous, and I believe it is a fact that one of the two young men paid for the adventure with his life. He was flung from a yard-arm during a hurricane



WITH CURIOUS GRASS MATS USED FOR SITTING UPON AND WORN PERMANENTLY ON THE BODY: A PARADE OF SOME OF HIS WIVES BEFORE THE CHIEF EKIBONDO, IN THE FILM "BULA MATARI"; WITH MR. WETHERELL (WHOM THE NATIVES BELIEVED TO BE A REINCARNATION OF STANLEY COME BACK TO VISIT THEM).

enterprising little house in Shaftesbury Avenue—the Avenue Pavilion—to put on a continuous performance of news items in sound, under the name of the British Movietone News Theatre, and to offer a programme, lasting fifty minutes, at popular prices. For sixpence or a shilling you may move swiftly athwart the face of the world. The journey is entrancing. I commend it to your notice. From the unrest in India to the discomfiture of the toreadors caused by a particularly belligerent bull in the ring of Santander, from a little Japanese singer sweetly warbling an American love-lilt to the proud sweep of high-flung girders that raise a monument to British engineering, you may sail on a magic carpet. Sir Oliver Lodge may discourse to you on the secrets of space; the latest conquerors of the air may bow their acknowledgments to the roar of a welcoming city or the final chapter of a Polar tragedy may close before your eyes. The activities of the universe, the news of the day, the printer's ink of your morning paper transformed into picture and into sound. Items of up-to-date news are added as they are received throughout the week. Frolics and fashion find a place in the programme and—happy thought—that greatest comic invention of recent years, Mickey Mouse, brings his inspired exploits to lighten the budget. Personally, I should like to see a series of

the fascinating "Secrets of Nature" films included in the scheme.

The opening of this new and important movement in the world of kinematic entertainment coincided with the final stages of the Test Match, and the phenomenal success of the first week might reasonably have been ascribed to the fever-heat of excitement rising from the "Ashes"! But the experiment at the Avenue Pavilion shows every symptom of permanent appeal. You may find a packed house at any moment



WITH PYGMIES, WHO ARE STANDING OUTSIDE ONE OF THEIR HUTS, WHICH ARE LESS THAN 5 FT. HIGH: MR. M. A. WETHERELL (AS STANLEY) IN THE COURSE OF THE TAKING OF "BULA MATARI," HIS GREAT FILM RECONSTRUCTING THE EXPLORER'S ADVENTURES IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

Mr. Wetherell (who produced the film "Dr. Livingstone") has now, after enduring many perils from elephants and other wild animals, fever, and the dangerous "Stanley Falls," completed his film, "Bula Matari," based on authentic incidents in the life of the late Sir H. M. Stanley, and including the finding of Dr. Livingstone and his adventures among the pygmies in the Congo Forest. "Bula Matari," it should be noted, means "breaker of stones," and is the name given to Stanley by the natives because of the efforts he made to build metalled roads.

natural curiosity of which we all have our share. No child would consider its book of fairy-tales or fiction complete without its illustrations. If, in after years, we suppress that demand, because we consider it an unnecessary affront to our imagination or to our intellectual fastidiousness, there still remains inherent in us the impulse "to see" the subject of our interest. Even the most austere-minded will not belittle the influence of pictorial illustration on mass imagination, nor deny the human craving to



A CURIOUS METHOD OF HEAD-DRESSING FAVOURED BY THE WIVES OF EKIBONDO. THE CHIEF WHO ENTERTAINED MR. WETHERELL: A CLOSE-UP FROM "BULA MATARI."

and killed. The tragedy finds an echo in the story woven, very skilfully, into the record which Mr. Villiers managed to bring home. He has gathered his experiences together and published them in book

[Continued on page 550.]



## SHIPPING CAPE HORN "GRAYBEARDS": A WINDJAMMER IN A GALE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE BEACHCROFT.



A SAILING-SHIP IN HEAVY WEATHER OFF CAPE HORN: BIG SEAS COMING ABOARD THE "C. B. PEDERSEN."

Interest in sailing-ships has increased of late years in inverse proportion to the diminution of their numbers, and has just been stimulated further by the production of a new film called "The Windjammer," privately presented a few days ago at the New Gallery. As the subject is topical, therefore, we give here and on a double-page in this number some very striking photographs of similar scenes from another source. The photographs are the work of Mr. George

Beachcroft, and in a note on that reproduced above he says: "This picture shows a big sea coming on board on the port side of the ship. Only the foresail and lower topsail and the main upper and lower topsails are set, and the seas are Cape Horn 'Graybeards.' This sea completely swept the whole fore-part of the vessel, and caused a great deal of damage." Such a photograph illustrates vividly what storms and gales mean to the sailor.



# "SHIPS AND THE SEA; THERE'S NOTHING FINER MADE":

PHOTOGRAPHS BY

AS in his other photograph reproduced on page 527, Mr. Beachcroft illustrates here some highly picturesque and dramatic scenes of life before the mast in a "windjammer." The above three photographs were all taken on board the "C. B. Pedersen," a well-known sailing-ship that has often participated in the ocean races between England and Australia. In his descriptive notes on these photographs, Mr. Beachcroft writes: "(1) A watch is up aloft furling the big mainsail. This sail is the largest on the ship, and in heavy weather both watches are called to bring the sail up on to the yard.—(2) This spray was the aftermath of a huge sea. The ship's head is being brought up into the wind, and as she meets the seas she is rising. This makes it very hard to keep her head into the wind. Two men are at the wheel, and it is only by main force that she is kept under control.—(3) These men, who are in the starboard

[Continued below.]



1. "THEN IN THE SUNSET'S FLUSH THEY WENT ALOFT AND UNBENT SAILS": A PICTURESQUE VIEW OF A SAILING-VESSEL'S RIGGING WITH MEN FURLING THE GREAT MAINSAIL—A TYPICAL SCENE WHEN A SHIP ARRIVES IN PORT.



2 "HOW A STORM LOOKS WHEN THE SPRAYS ARE HURLED HIGH AS THE YARD": THE AFTERMATH OF A HUGE SEA THAT HAD JUST SWEEPED OVER THE DECKS OF THE SHIP, SEEN RISING AS SHE WAS BROUGHT UP INTO THE WIND.

[Continued.]

watch, are on the fore upper topsail yard, and are setting a sail in place of one that was completely blown right out of the bolt ropes. This job took about two hours to do, and was a dangerous one, as the ship was rolling very heavily." The photographs might well serve as illustrations to the Poet Laureate's poem, "Dauber" (from which we have quoted some lines in the titles), in which Mr. Masfield has vividly described the perils and hardships of a seaman's life aboard a sailing-ship, and tells the tragic story of a young artist who shipped as a deck hand in order to obtain authentic pictures. So also did the author of "By Way of Cape Horn" (recently reviewed in our pages), and his friend who was accidentally killed at sea. That book, it may be added, describes the voyage during which was made the new film entitled "The Windjammer," to which we have referred on page 527 of this number.



## DRAMATIC PHOTOGRAPHS ON BOARD A "WINDJAMMER."

GEORGE BEACHCROFT.

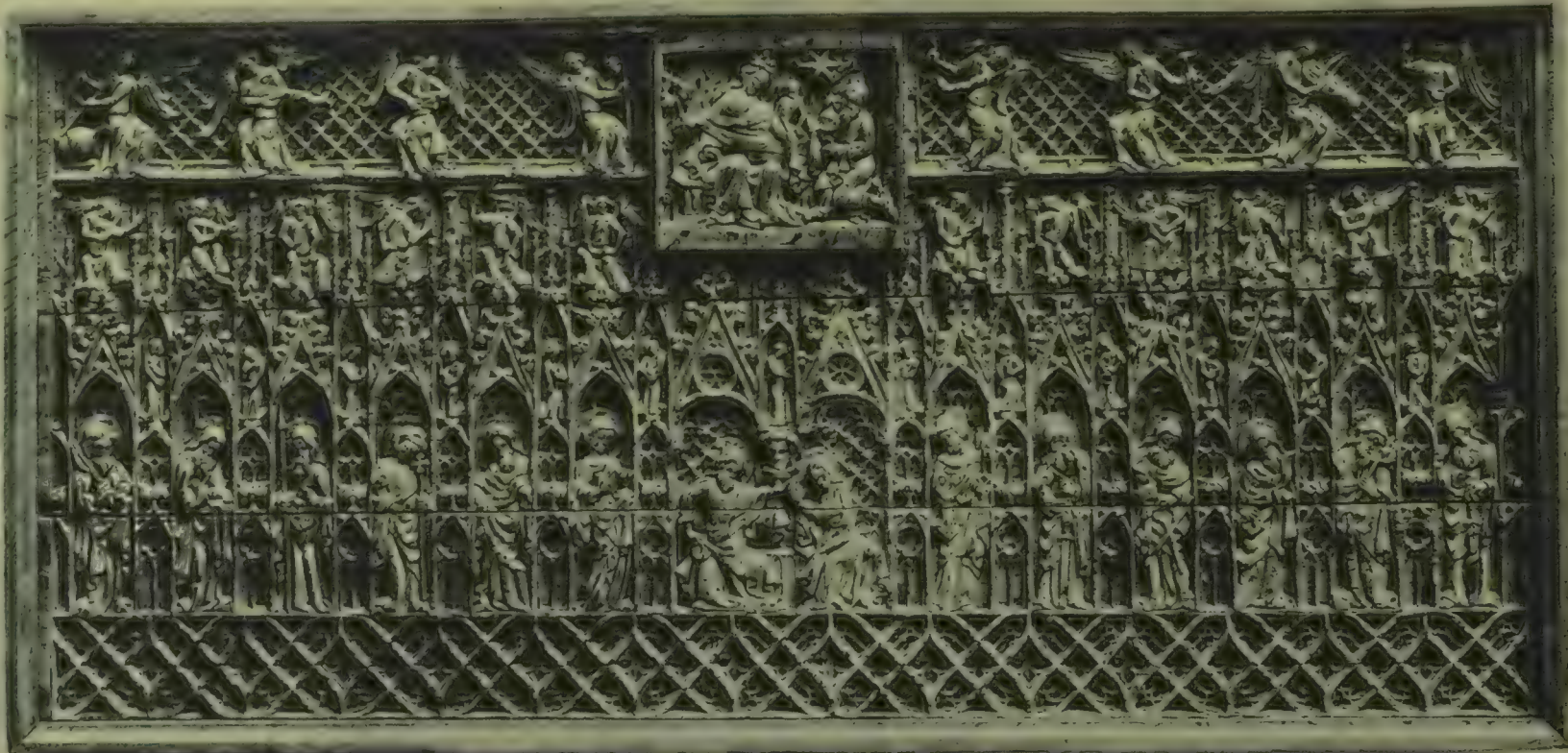


3. "SO UP UPON THE TOPSAIL YARD AGAIN IN THE GREAT TEMPEST'S FIERCEST HOUR": MEN ON THE FORE UPPER TOPSAIL YARD SETTING A SAIL TO REPLACE ONE THAT HAD BEEN COMPLETELY BLOWN OUT OF THE BOLT ROPES—A DANGEROUS TASK.



# "RECENT ACCESSIONS": GEMS BOUGHT FOR THE STATES AND FOR BRITAIN.

REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK; AND THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, LONDON.



A RARE AND ELABORATE FRAGMENT OF LATE FOURTEENTH-CENTURY ENGLISH FURNITURE WHICH HAS BEEN ADDED TO A FAMOUS NEW YORK COLLECTION: AN OAK CHEST FRONT CARVED WITH THE CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN AND THE TWELVE APOSTLES, EACH WITH HIS ATTRIBUTE.



A MOST IMPORTANT EXAMPLE OF OUR EARLY NATIONAL ART: CHRIST ENTHRONED BETWEEN TWO ANGELS—ONE OF THE BROAD FACES OF A PRE-NORMAN STONE CROSS FROM YORKSHIRE.



THE CARVING ON THE OTHER BROAD FACE OF THE CROSS, WHICH COMES FROM EASBY ABBEY AND IS TYPICAL OF THOSE ERECTED IN THE NORTH: A VINE SCROLL WITH AN EAGLE AND AN ANIMAL.

The oak panel illustrated at the top of the page, which was the front of a chest, is now one of the show pieces in the Room of Recent Accessions at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. To quote the "Bulletin" of that institution: "This rare fragment of late fourteenth-century English furniture . . . is one of the most superb, and perhaps the most elaborate, of the few extant panels executed prior to the fifteenth century. . . . The chief motive in the decorative composition consists of the Coronation of the Virgin; with the Twelve Apostles, six on either side. From left to right these are, according to their attributes: Saints Jude (halberd), James the Less (three loaves of bread), Thomas (spear), Philip (shaft

with cross), Bartholomew (carrying his own skin hanging from his arm), John (chalice), Peter (key), Paul (sword), Andrew (cross), Matthew (book and pen), Matthias (book and axe), and James the Great (?) (sword)." As to the cross, it is noted: "The Victoria and Albert Museum has recently purchased . . . a portion of one of the tall stone crosses which were erected in the north during the pre-Norman period. The stone, which comes from Easby Abbey, near Richmond in Yorkshire, is carved on all four sides: on the one broad face is Christ enthroned between two angels; on the other a vine scroll with an eagle and an animal in the branches. On the narrow sides are panels with scrolls and interlacing patterns."



# SHOWING THEIR TEETH: SISTERS OF OUR "RED FLEET" EXERCISING.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. TURNER. (COPYRIGHTED.)



EACH WITH NINE 16-IN. GUNS, WHICH ARE REPUTED TO HAVE A RANGE OF 35,000 YARDS: THE "RODNEY" AND THE "NELSON," THE MOST POWERFUL BATTLE-SHIPS OF THE WORLD, AT BATTLE-PRACTICE.

The "Rodney" and the "Nelson," which are the largest and most powerful battle-ships in the world, have been engaged this week in the Atlantic Fleet Exercises, figuring as units of the Red Fleet which met the Blue Fleet. It was arranged that both ships should carry out 16-inch firing on Thursday, September 25. Each mounts nine 16-in. guns in triple turrets. To quote Jane's "Fighting Ships": "The 16-inch B.L. gun is a new calibre in the British service, though it has already appeared in the United States Navy. . . . A similar observation applies to the triple mounting, which was first employed in the Italian battle-ship 'Dante Alighieri,' laid down in 1909, and has also found

favour in the U.S., Russian, and Austrian fleets. The 16-inch gun is unofficially reported to have a range of 35,000 yards, and to be capable of piercing 17-inch armour at 10,000 yards. Maximum elevation is 40 deg. . . . The cost of firing a triple-turret salvo is £700. Total weight of broadside is 18,500 lbs." In the drawing, the "Nelson" is seen leading and firing a salvo from her 16-inch guns at a distant target. In the foreground are the huge turret-tops and guns of the "Rodney." The jet of steam escaping from the muzzles is the modern method of cleaning the bore of the gun after firing, replacing the old method of "sponging" and "worming."



# A JOYOUS WEEK-END IN GENEVA.

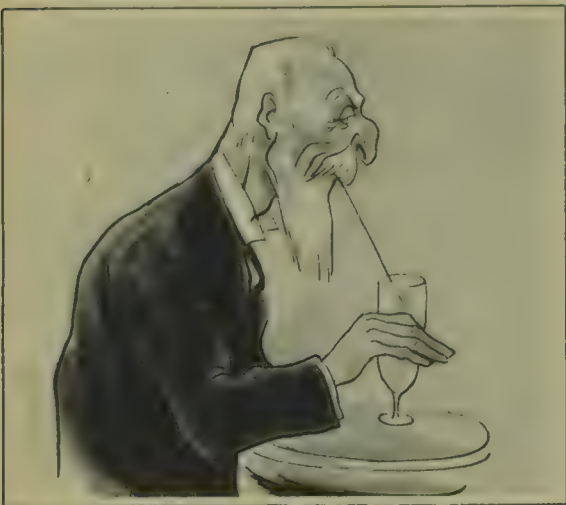
"DERSO" ON BRITAIN'S BRIGHT EXAMPLE—AND ETHIOPIAN BRIDGE.

"Derso," the distinguished cartoonist-correspondent, who in our last issue celebrated the opening of the eleventh Assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva, now tells how the representatives of forty-six nations enjoy their week-end, following the lead of the British delegates. In previous numbers, we may recall, "Derso" has dealt with the London Naval Conference, the "Future United States of Europe," and the Institute of Intellectual Co-operation. As before, his comments are printed as received.

To the Editor of "The Illustrated London News."

DEAR SIR,

Don't think that the various reports of the commissions were always my favourite reading. In my



THE LEAGUE'S HUNGARIAN "METHUSELAH."

"Count Apponyi, the Hungarian magnate, the Methuselah of the League, after his great speech in English, French, German, and Italian, hurries to the soda-fountain and takes his ice-cream soda with the joy of a schoolboy."

hopeful youth, as a pupil of the Cistercian Fathers. I also read Virgil:

"Si canimus silvas, silvæ sint consule dignæ . . ."  
("If of woods we sing, may they be worthy of a consul.")

When I read this verse of the *Bucolica*, I did not understand its real sense. The reverend father explained to me, and I then understood, that in the time of Virgil all the papers were full of heroic stories about the consuls' historic acts and the whole editorial staff praised their glory, so it was rather difficult for a great poet to write about golf and it was simply impossible to sing of a garden-party without risking his reputation.



FRENCH FISHING IN UNTROUBLED WATERS.

"M. Briand does not like golf; he played once, at Cannes, with Mr. Lloyd George. Now he prefers fishing, and here you see him with his faithful Chef de Cabinet, M. Leger."

I have nothing to risk, because our gardens are really worthy to be praised; they are peopled with consuls and delegates and plenipotentiary ministers. In our enchanted zone there are garden-parties, tennis, golf and cocktail parties. And when I forget to-day the serenity of the diplomatic correspondent, and invoke the charming muses of Sicile, that is because a week-end in Geneva is worthy of a

consul as well as Carlo's cocktail in the bar of the Batiment Electoral is worthy of the League's American visitors.

Ah, dear Sir, among all the reforms you British introduced in the constitutional life of the peoples, you may be sure that the most salutary is your invention which modified the austerity of Moses's week-end. Before you came, the week-end was shorter, but monotonous. The statesman had nothing else to do these days than to praise or to intrigue. And they called this repose. Thanks to you, we have now a greater diversity and you see the representatives of 46 nations follow you unanimously.

Certainly it was observed, before me, that all the peoples who criticised the British, are most anxious to look like them. The most of your critics would be even rejoiceful if they could change their national virtues for a British fault. I remember my first visit to the Ethiopian delegation: I found the ministers enveloped in their large burnous squatting on the carpet—they played bridge. (My example is unfortunately not the best: primo, the Ethiopian delegates never criticised the British, and secundo, because bridge is not a fault but a virtue. And if you play bridge squatting on a carpet that is a virtue which touches on heroisme.)

Well, when the hour of the week-end strikes and the most agile member of the British delegation arises to leave the salle, the whole Assembly, ladies and gentlemen, old and young, follow him with enthusiasm.

I have seen often the midinettes in Paris, when they leave the shops, the clerks leaving the office, and the workers the factory—all their joy seems to



ALL-BRITISH LAWN-TENNIS.

"Mr. Arthur Henderson and Sir Eric Drummond, the Secretary-General, are tennis enthusiasts."

me moderate in comparison with that of the statesmen leaving the Assembly for a week-end. That is not astonishing; they leave all the cares and worries of 46 nations behind them for these few hours! The singles, the doubles, the foursomes, the teams are formed in a few minutes, and the Ethiopian delegates, whom I see play the bridge squatting on a carpet enveloped in their large burnous, start a new rubber.

For myself I went in the Ariana Park and by a happy inspiration I took the *Bucolica* of Virgil with me. I sat down on the foundation stone of the future Palais des Nations, which was solemnly posed here a year ago and forgotten, and I opened the book—by chance at the page of the "golden age." And once more I read the IV. Eclogue:

" . . . The latest age foretold by the Cumæan seer has come . . . a new order of the centuries is born . . . and a new generation descends from

heaven. . . . If any traces of our crime still remain they will no longer have any effect, and the earth will be delivered from a perpetual terror . . . the serpent will perish, and also the poisonous



ROUMANIAN INSPIRATION.

"Miss Hélène Vacaresco, the celebrated Roumanian poet-delegate, addresses a sonnet to the IIIrd Commission."

plant and its deceit . . . nevertheless some traces of ancient malice will remain in the depths of certain hearts . . ."

I closed the book. I was rather annoyed by the last words. What does *he* mean by this "ancient malice"? The poet who prophesied the era of the League (there is no doubt that it is a question of the League) was he also thinking perhaps of me? Am I perhaps malicious in the depths of my heart? I assure you I am *not*. I tried only to describe the happy days of Geneva, after a long week of hard activity. And I thought only, what a pity that a politician's week-end is as short as that of ordinary people. What would happen if their week-end were



ANGLO-JAPANESE GOLF.

"Mr. Sugimura, Deputy Secretary-General of the League, and Chief of the Political Section, plays golf with the Hon. Alexander Cadogan of the Foreign Office. Mr. Sugimura, who is a modern Samurai, created for himself a suit which is considerably different from the apparel of his ancestors."

prolonged indefinitely? That would be the end of our golden age and the return of the iron age. Awful to think on this!

I am, dear Sir,

Yours sincerely,

DERSO.



# AMERICA KEEPS THE "AMERICA'S" CUP:

"SHAMROCK V." BEATEN BY "ENTERPRISE."



THE SUCCESSFUL DEFENDER IN THE YACHTING CONTEST FOR THE "AMERICA'S" CUP, OFF NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND: "ENTERPRISE" AS SEEN BY TWO SAILORS ABOARD A SHIP, DURING THE FIRST RACE.



THE UNITED STATES DEFENDER WINNING THE FIRST RACE OF THE SERIES: "ENTERPRISE" (SKIPPERED BY MR. HAROLD S. VANDERBILT) AS SHE FINISHED, 2 MIN. 52 SEC. AHEAD OF "SHAMROCK V."



JOCKEYING FOR POSITION AT THE START OF THE SECOND RACE (SEPTEMBER 15): SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S CHALLENGER, "SHAMROCK V." (IN CENTRE), AND THE DEFENDER, "ENTERPRISE" (ON LEFT).

The great yachting contest for the "America's" Cup ended once more in an American victory when, on September 18, the defending yacht, "Enterprise" (owned by the Harold S. Vanderbilt syndicate), beat the challenger, Sir Thomas Lipton's "Shamrock V.," in the fourth successive race, by 5 min. 54 sec. In the



RACING IN FOG AND LIGHT WINDS ON THE OPENING DAY OF THE CONTEST (SEPTEMBER 13): SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S "SHAMROCK V.," HIS FIFTH CHALLENGER OF THAT NAME SINCE 1899.



"SOMETHING QUITE NEW IN YACHTING": THE SPECIAL "CROSS-TRACK" BOOM USED IN "ENTERPRISE," SO CONSTRUCTED THAT THE MAINSAIL MAY BE DRAWN TAUTER OR LEFT FREER AT THE FOOT TO SUIT THE WIND.

first race (on September 13), "Enterprise" won by 2 min. 52 sec., and in the second by 9 min.; the third proved a "sail over," as "Shamrock" was disabled. All four races were sailed in light or moderate winds, and on the first day there was a good deal of fog. The fact that "Enterprise" generally gained rapidly at the start may have been due, it is said, to her lighter mast, made of duralumin and over a ton lighter than "Shamrock's" wooden mast. "Enterprise" had a larger equipment of sails, and several mechanical contrivances, including a special "cross-track" boom (shown in one of our photographs), which was something quite new in yachting. It is designed for use in a light breeze, having sliding tracks for the mainsail to slip to leeward, and works so that the mainsail may be drawn tauter or left freer at the foot to suit the wind. This contest was the fourteenth British attempt to regain the Cup since it was captured by the U.S. schooner "America" in 1851, and the fifth by Sir Thomas Lipton. His previous challenges were in 1899, 1901, 1903, and 1914 (postponed to 1920).



# "ALL IS NOW QUIET IN THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER PROVINCE": A TYPICAL *JIRGA* IN WAZIRISTAN.



BRITISH OFFICERS CONSULTING WITH WAZIR CHIEFS IN THE HEART OF THE DESERT AT WANO IN WAZIRISTAN: A REGION WHERE FIERCE FIGHTING RECENTLY OCCURRED.

In a message of September 20, from Simla, relating to the situation on the North-West Frontier, it was stated that the final submission of the Khani Khel tribesmen, to the Political Agent at Parachinar, "completes for the moment the clearing-up of the tribal disorders." The Khani Khel, who belong to the Chamkanni section of the Orakzai tribe, were the last of the recalcitrants in the Tirah region, west of Peshawar. Their country is very difficult for aeroplane work, and their submission formed another triumph for the Royal Air Force. The above photograph, which is given as showing a typical *jirga* (between British officers and tribesmen in the desert frontier lands, was taken in another disturbed district further south, namely, Waziristan, where serious fighting occurred a few weeks ago, subsequent to this meeting. In the photograph a group of British officers may be seen seated on the right within the circle, facing the native chiefs, behind whom (to the left) is an Indian sentry with fixed bayonet, while a number of other Indian troops are posted in the ring around the officers. The above-mentioned fighting in Waziristan, it may be recalled, was described as follows in an Indian Government communiqué of

August 30. "There was a serious clash near Domel, in the Bannu district, on August 24, between Government forces and a large armed party of Hathl Khel Wazirs. . . . A general engagement at close quarters, with hand-to-hand fighting, took place, resulting in heavy casualties on both sides. The Government casualties were 9 killed (including Captain F. Ashcroft) and 10 wounded. The hostile casualties were 42 killed, 30 wounded, and more than 80 taken prisoner." A later communiqué, of September 9, stated that the storm centre was then the Kurram border, but that "on the other side of the Kurram Valley air action has been continued against two sections of the Chamkannis, who remain obdurate." Later, there was serious aggression by some 4000 Afghan tribesmen about Peiwar. They were dispersed by the Kohat Brigade, and it was stated that the restoration of quiet on the Afghan border ought soon to be followed by the submission of the Khani Khel. A Reuters message of September 19 stated: "All is now quiet in the North-West Frontier Province. The *jirga* (tribal council) of the Khani Khel section of the Chamkannis has come to Kurram to make a settlement for past offences."



## THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: RECENT EVENTS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



AN EFFECTIVE BULGARIAN SUBSTITUTE FOR MILITARY SERVICE, WHICH ALSO RELIEVES UNEMPLOYMENT: YOUNG BULGARIAN "LABOUR" RECRUITS AT WORK. Of all the countries which were deprived of their large conscript armies by the peace treaties, Bulgaria has found the simplest and most effectual substitute for military service; instead of undergoing military training, every young man is liable at the age of twenty to serve for eight months in a "labour company." Roads, railways, ports, forestry, building operations, stud-farms, and archaeological excavation are among the tasks undertaken by the "labour conscripts."



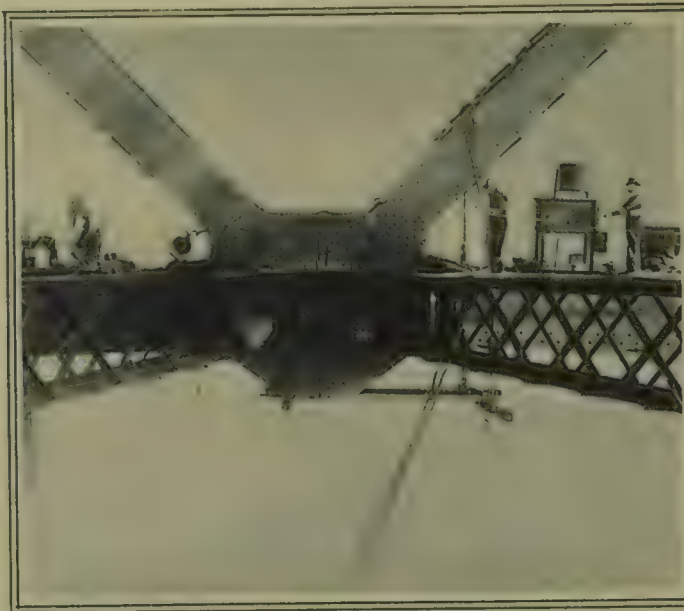
REFUGEES ESCAPING FROM CHANGSHA DURING THE COMMUNIST REIGN OF TERROR: WHERE THE "REDS" SACKED THE TOWN.

Chinese communist forces, profiting by the absence of regular troops, engaged in a campaign of devastation in the Middle Yangtze area. After sacking Changsha, they were induced to leave the city by the payment of an enormous ransom, but Hankow, Nanchang, and other places continued to be menaced. Thanks to the presence of foreign gunboats, property on the island on which is the foreign settlement was left intact.

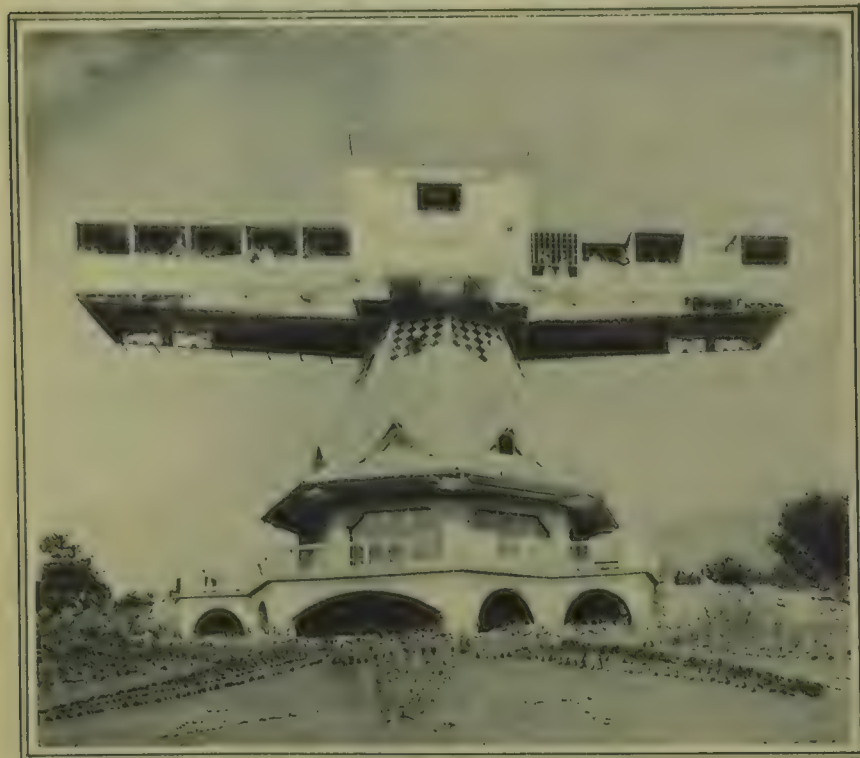


THE ARCH OF THE SYDNEY HARBOUR BRIDGE PHOTOGRAPHED BEFORE THE TWO HALVES WERE LOWERED TO FILL THE 3 FT. 6 IN. GAP IN THE MIDDLE—CIRCULAR QUAY AND CITY IN THE BACKGROUND; LAVENDER BAY IN THE FOREGROUND.

The two halves of the 1670-ft. span of Sydney Harbour Bridge were closed just before midnight on August 19, thus completing the most important operation in the construction of the world's heaviest steel arch; though thousands of tons of steel yet remain to be put in position. Each of the halves weighs about 14,000 tons, but so carefully was the work planned and executed that when the tension was taken off the cables supporting them, and the two halves of the arch were lowered slightly, they met exactly. The first actual crossing was made on August 8, when the Governor-General and Lady Stonehaven, following the engineers, walked along the planks joining up the two halves of the arch, which were then a few feet apart. Messrs. Dorman Long and Co., Ltd. were the lowest and the successful tenderers to the contract, at £4,217,721, but it has since been stated that the contract price for constructional work will be exceeded by some hundreds of thousands of pounds.



THE LOCKING TOGETHER OF THE TWO HALVES OF THE ARCH OF THE SYDNEY HARBOUR BRIDGE—ACHIEVED BY SLACKENING THE CABLES WHICH HELD THE ENDS OF THE TWO HALVES ON SHORE.



A NEW "SUN-CURE" METHOD: THE "SOLARIUM" AT AIX-LES-BAINS; SHOWING PATIENTS IN THE CUBICLES IN THE ARMS, WHICH REVOLVE WITH THE SUN.

In view of the ever-increasing popularity of sun-bathing, and of the "sun-cure" as a means of recuperation and a way of health, the above photograph should be of unusual interest to our readers. It shows Dr. Saidman's new Solarium at Aix-les-Bains, which revolves, and so admits of all-day sun-bathing without moving the patients, who recline in semi-perpendicular positions to avoid excessive sunburn.

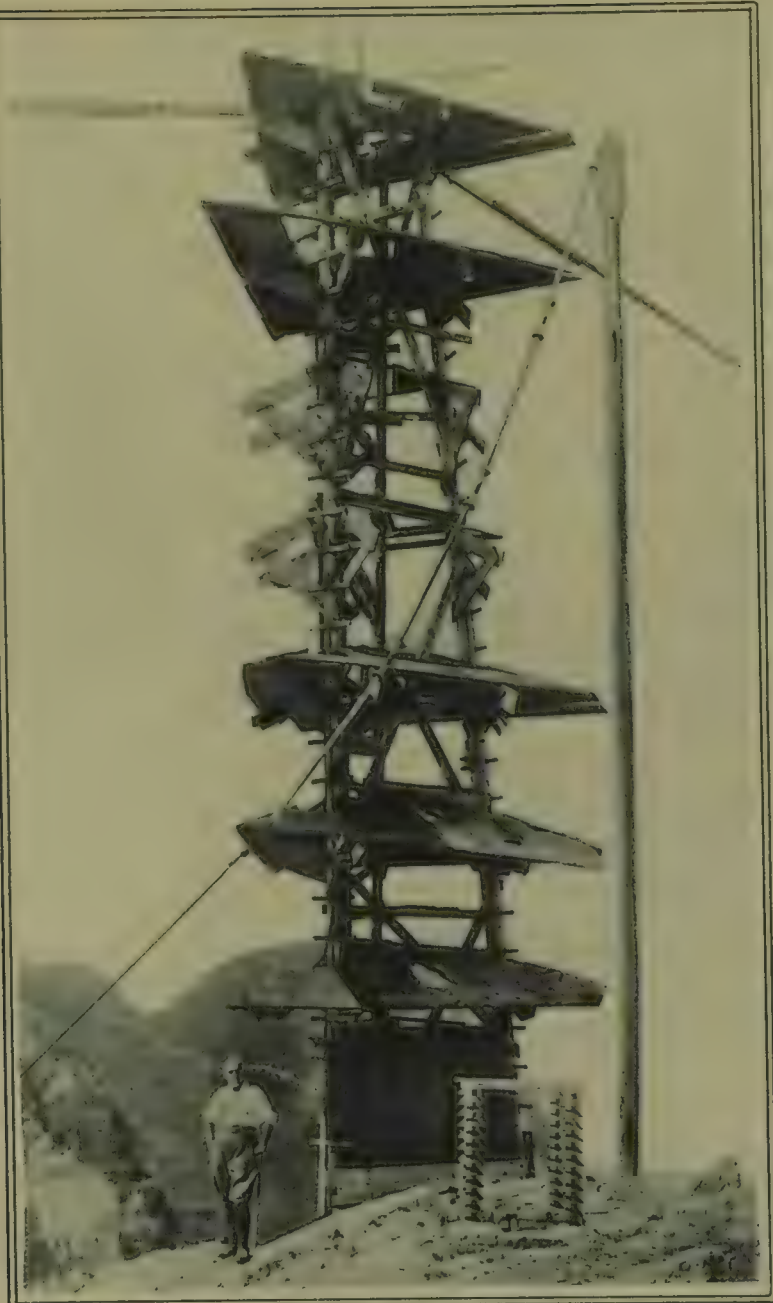


AFTER HE HAD OVERTHROWN THE RÉGIME OF PRESIDENT IRIGOYEN: GENERAL URIBURU (ON LEFT IN CAR, WEARING CAP) FOLLOWED BY ARMED GUARDS.

Our readers will remember that we reproduced in a recent issue a series of pictures and drawings illustrating the scene and participants in the revolution at Buenos Aires, when President Irigoyen was forced to resign and the Government was taken over by a provisional Junta with General Uriburu, K.B.E., as temporary President of the Republic. General Uriburu is here seen driving through the city; at his side (bareheaded) is General Molina, one of his aides.



## AN EYE ON THE WORLD: EVENTS AND PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK.



THE PROPOSED ATTEMPT TO SPLIT THE ATOM: THE TOWER ERECTED ON MONTE GENEROSO FOR CAPTURING ELECTRICAL FORCE.

Preparations have been for some time in progress on Monte Generoso with the object of splitting the atom by a high-tension current. They are being conducted by three German scientists. It is hoped that by capturing the terrific electrical forces of the atmosphere—Monte Generoso is a European storm centre—the atoms inside a vacuum tube may be split.



RADIO VALVES THAT OPERATE 300 LOUD-SPEAKERS: A NOVELTY AT OLYMPIA.

One of the outstanding features at the National Radio Exhibition now open at Olympia is a special amplifier which operates three hundred loud-speakers throughout the exhibition, enabling visitors to listen to the various types of reproducing instruments which are to be seen on the various stands. Our illustration shows the five large valves which amplify the Regional and National Broadcast programmes, or gramophone music, at the exhibition.



A TRAGIC INCIDENT OF THE RECENT GALE: THE STEAMER "TREPORT" HOLED AND SINKING (LEFT), AND THE MARGATE LIFEBOAT WHICH RESCUED PART OF THE CREW (RIGHT). As a result of striking a piece of submerged wreckage in the Prince's Channel (Thames Estuary), the steamer "Treport" was badly holed, and for safety the captain beached her on the Girdler Sandbanks. When the lifeboat came on the scene the decks were awash, and the after part of the vessel almost under water. The Margate motor-boat "Thanet Queen" also played a part in the rescue of the crew.



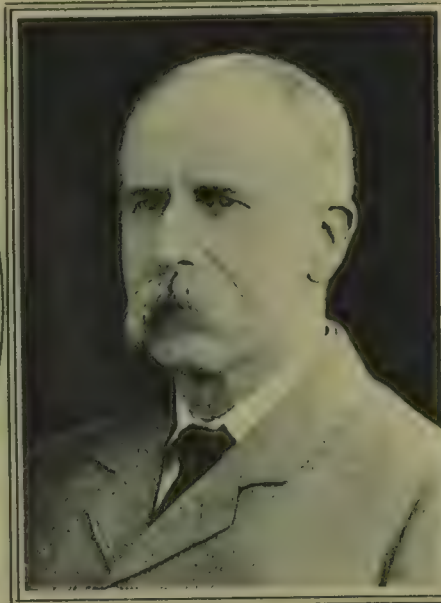
ANOTHER VICTIM OF THE GALE: THE FRENCH SCHOONER "MADELIN TRISTRAM" BEACHED, BY ADMIRABLE SEAMANSHIP, IN CHESIL COVE.

Among other victims of the recent gale over the week-end was the "Madelin Tristram," illustrated above. Seeing in what danger he lay, her captain decided, off Portland, to make a run for it, and selected Chesil Cove, where he drove his vessel right up on the beach, missing the dangerous rocks by only a few feet. Fishermen praised his action as the finest bit of seamanship they had ever seen.



MAJOR-GEN. BARON VON HAMMERSTEIN-EQUORD.

It is reported that General von Hammerstein-Equord will succeed General Heye, who, it is stated, retires "to make room for a younger man," as Commander-in-Chief of the German Army.

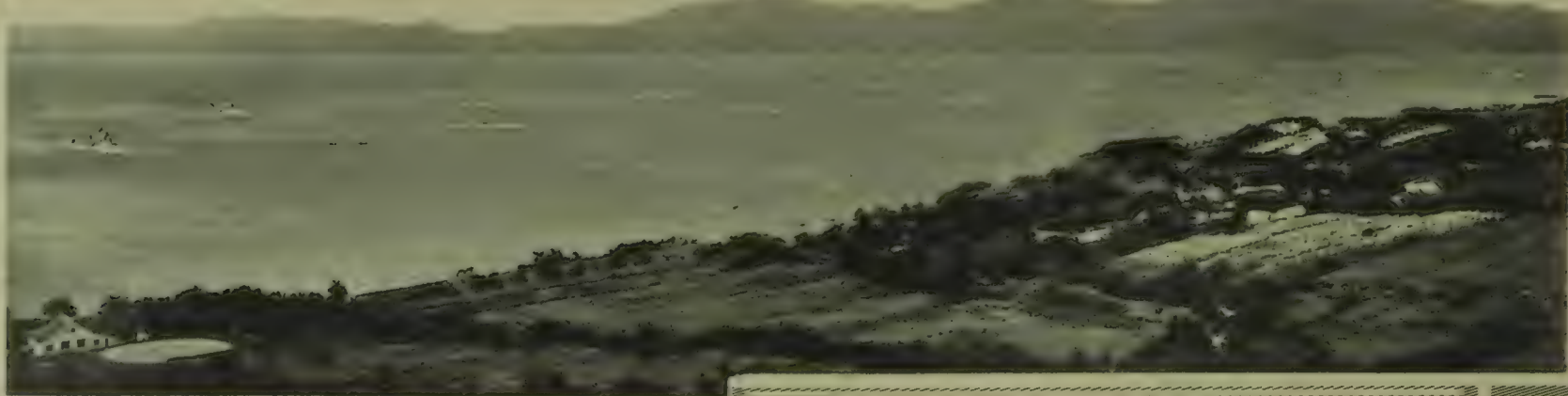


PROFESSOR H. B. DIXON.

Professor of Chemistry at Manchester University. An authority on explosives. Born 1852. Was at Christ Church Oxford: Fellow of Balliol, 1880. Died suddenly on Lytham Railway Station on September 18.



# ABOUT TO BE RESTORED TO CHINA—WITH RESERVATIONS: WEI-HAI-WEI.



WEI-HAI-WEI, WITH BRITISH WAR-SHIPS AT ANCHOR; AND THE ISLAND OF LIU KUNG-TAO IN THE FOREGROUND: THE FAMOUS HARBOUR, WHICH BRITISH WAR-SHIPS WILL CONTINUE TO USE IN THE SUMMER AFTER IT HAS BEEN HANDED BACK TO CHINA ON OCTOBER 1.



SHOWING THE "IRON PIER" WHICH WILL BE USED JOINTLY BY THE BRITISH AND CHINESE NAVIES: WEI-HAI-WEI ROADSTEAD AT SUNSET; WITH LIU KUNG-TAO ISLAND IN THE FOREGROUND.



SHOWING THE GOLF COURSE: A VIEW OVER THE ISLAND OF LIU KUNG-TAO, OFF WEI-HAI-WEI, WHICH WILL SERVE AS A SANATORIUM AND SUMMER RESORT FOR THE BRITISH NAVY FOR THE NEXT TEN YEARS.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, PORT EDWARD: THE OFFICIAL RESIDENCE OF THE COMMISSIONER OF WEI-HAI-WEI.



A SCENE OF PICTURESQUE PLACIDITY: A CHINESE OPEN-AIR THEATRE FACING A TEMPLE ACROSS THE STREAM, ON THE MAINLAND AT WEI-HAI-WEI.



A CENTRE OF THE LIFE OF THE BRITISH COMMUNITY AT WEI-HAI-WEI: THE ENTRANCE TO THE UNITED SERVICES CLUB.

Wei-hai-wei, which, together with much of the neighbouring peninsula of Shantung, was leased from the Chinese Government in 1898, has long served as a sanatorium for the British Squadron on the China Station, and, under British rule, has developed considerably. By a convention recently signed, Wei-hai-wei will be retroceded to the Chinese National Government on October 1. For the coming ten years, however, a certain number of buildings and facilities on the island of

Liu Kung-Tao will be lent as a sanatorium and summer resort for the British Navy. It may be further noted in connection with the above photographs that the "Iron Pier" was originally built by German engineers for the famous Chinese Viceroy, Li Hung-Chang; and that to the right of the golf course in the photograph taken on Liu Kung-Tao are the rifle ranges, which will, for the coming ten years at least, be shared by the British and Chinese for purposes of training.



## MAGIC AND MEDICINE: A DEITY FOR EACH ILL AND EACH ORGAN!

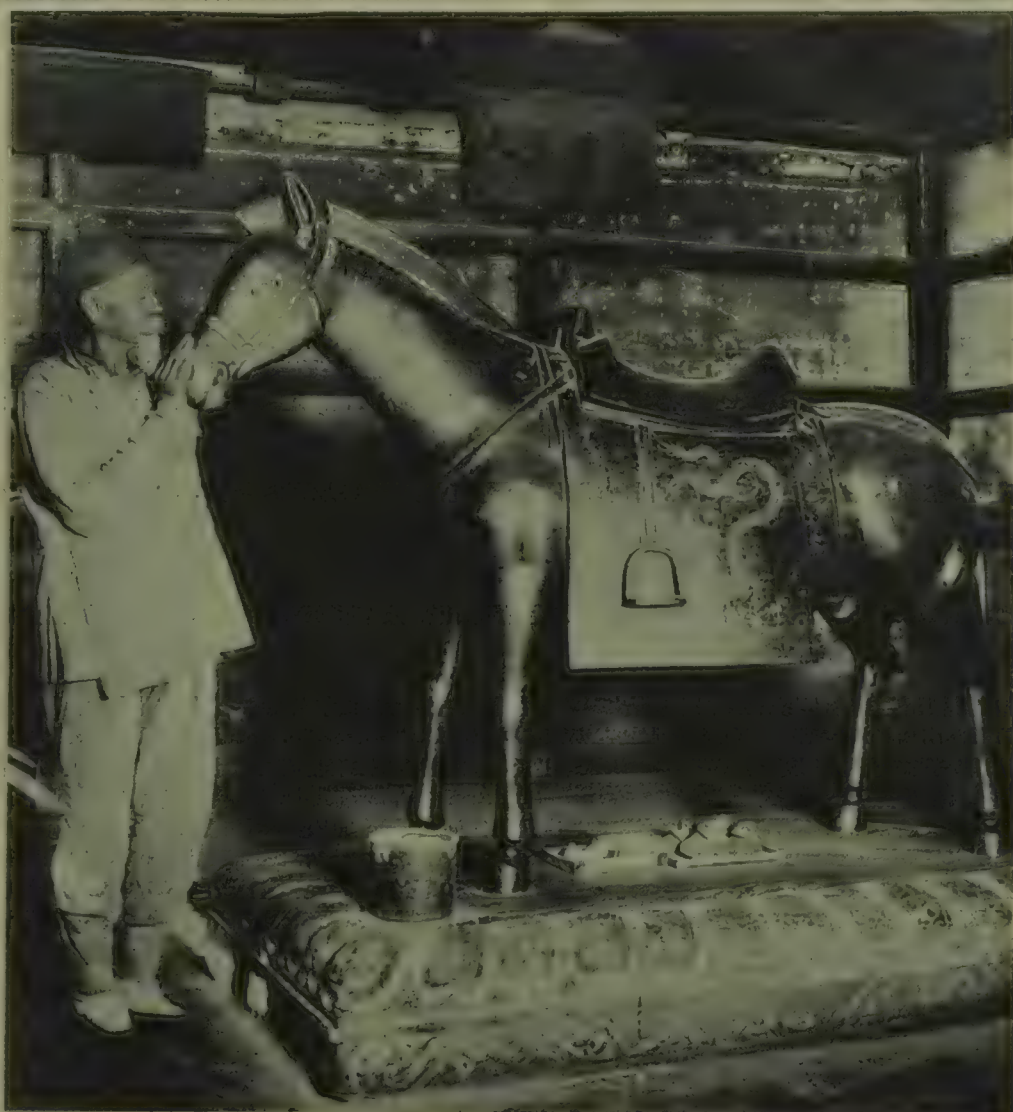
By Courtesy of "Asia" Magazine.



AN ALTAR OF TAOISM, A RELIGION WHICH HAS A DEITY FOR EVERY DISEASE AND FOR EACH ORGAN OF THE BODY: A SHRINE IN PEKING STREWN WITH EX-VOTO BABIES, IN WAX AND PAPIER-MACHÉ, OFFERED BY WOMEN ASKING THE BOON OF A MAN-CHILD.

CERTAIN "Celestial" ideas of therapeutics seem distinctly haphazard to the terrestrially minded Westerner, if not definitely pernicious. To the Chinese—or, properly, one should say, to the non-modern Chinese, who are many—the desiccated heart of a tiger, or, better still, that of a dead brigand, is an infallible giver of courage; while for many illnesses resort is had to acupuncture—which is to say that holes are punched in various parts of the body with red-hot bodkins, to let out the malignant devils which are presumed to be troubling the sick man. Often, Chinese will go for healing not to the quack doctor, but to the Taoist priest. There are Taoist deities for chills and fevers, for aches and pains. There is a god for each known disease, and, more than that, for each organ of the body and for each limb. A most charming deity of the Taoist is the Daughter of the Spirit of Tai-shan, the

[Continued opposite.



BELIEVED TO HAVE POWER TO CURE ALL BODILY ILLS—THE RIGHT SPOT BEING RUBBED! THE FAMOUS BRONZE HORSE IN A TAOIST TEMPLE IN PEKING, A BEAST WHOSE EYES HAVE BEEN ALMOST WORN AWAY BY BLIND BELIEVERS SEEKING SIGHT.

[Continued.]

sacred mountain. She is called the Princess of the Rainbow Clouds, and she it is who presides over the "Orchard of Trained Pear-Trees." Women of all ages repair to her shrine at her festival, and, after contributing a copper or two, receive a bundle of incense sticks from the priest. The older women go there to beg long life; the younger ones to demand the boon of a man child—with which object they lift up to the "Princess" small ex-voto babies, made of wax or papier-maché, which are afterwards left on the altar. In a temple in Peking stands the famous Taoist bronze horse, whose back is worn smooth by the hands of those bent with toil or aching with rheumatism, and whose eyes have been almost rubbed away by the blind; for, to obtain the promised relief, the sufferer who visits this sacred shrine must rub the counterpart on the horse of the ailing member of his own body.

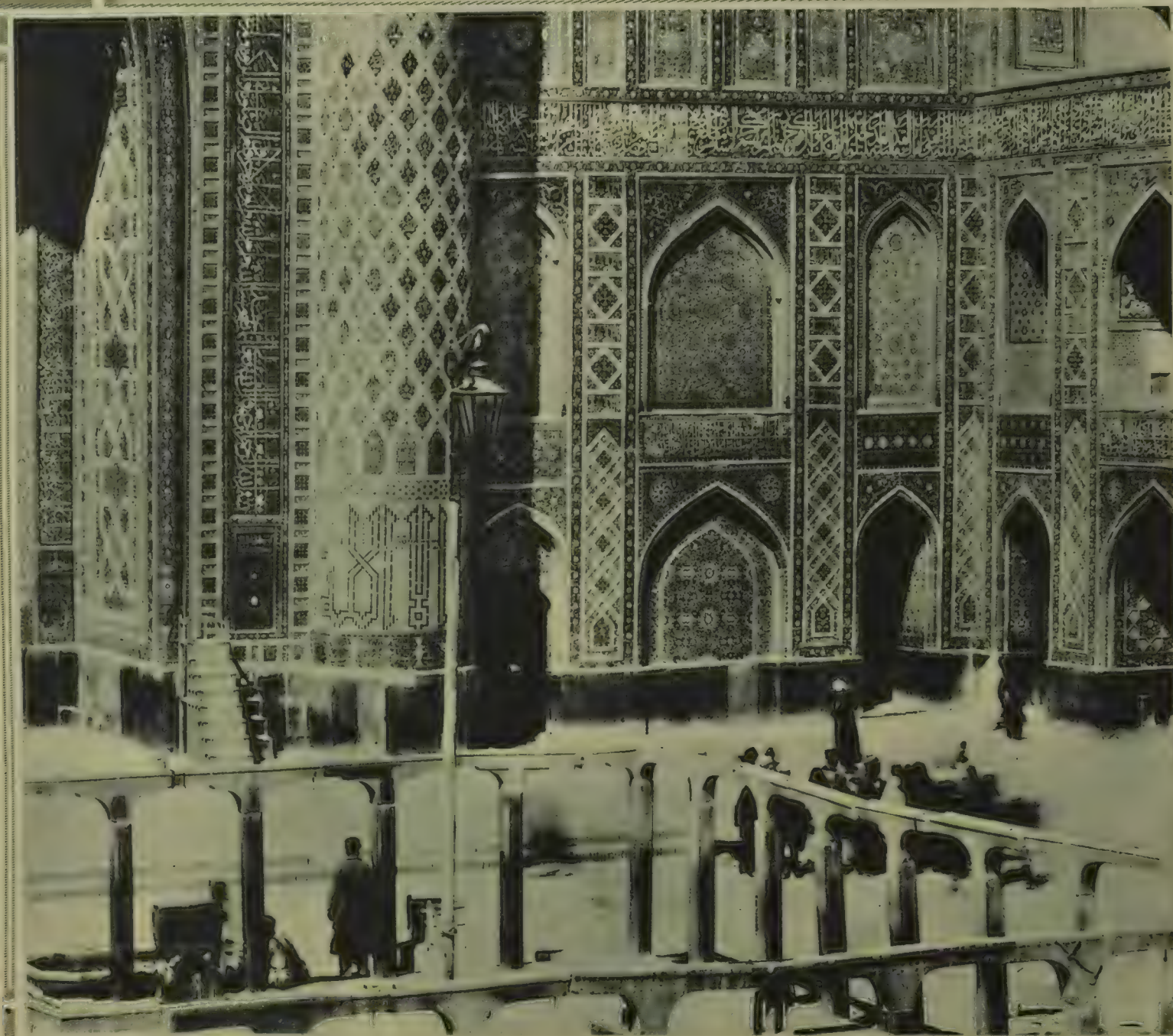
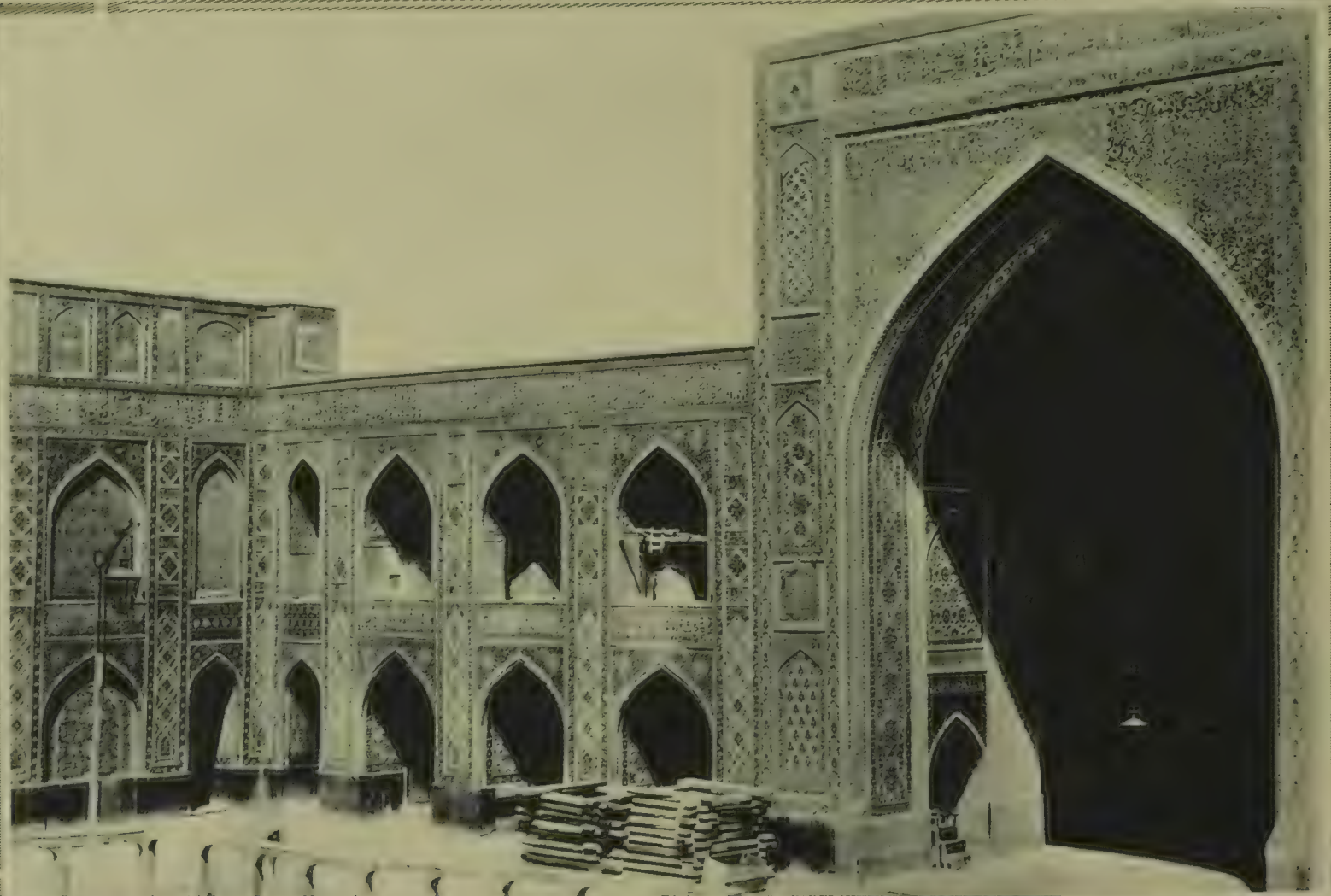


# GLORIES OF PERSIAN ARCHITECTURE THAT SEEM "BUILT OF GLEAMING JEWELS."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. ARTHUR UPHAM POPE. (SEE HIS ARTICLE ON PAGE 542.)

1. "ENCRUSTED WITH GLOWING COLOURS IN A HIGH-GLAZED FAIENCE": THE MOSQUE OF GOHAR SHAD (COMPLETED IN 1421), PART OF THE GREAT GROUP OF BUILDINGS AT MASHAD SHOWING (IN FOREGROUND) A DISMANTLED PLATFORM USED IN THE PERSIAN PASSION PLAY.

ON page 542 we publish an article describing the great Mosque of Imam Riza at Mashad, from the pen of Mr. Arthur Upham Pope, who in our four previous numbers has dealt with various other subjects of special interest in view of the forthcoming International Exhibition of Persian Art to be held at the Royal Academy.



THE Shah himself granted special permission to photograph the Mosque of Imam Riza, the most sacred and closely guarded shrine in Persia. Efforts to penetrate it had hitherto been quite useless. The pile of timber in the foreground of No. 1 is the dismantled platform used for the Persian Passion Play commemorating the death of Hassan and Hosein. — Regarding the house mentioned in the title to No. 2, we read: "The Mosque was built around the house as a proof that even the humble could count on justice."

2. WHERE "EVERY RESOURCE OF THE ARCHITECT AND DECORATOR IS LAVISHED ON THE WALLS": THE COURT OF A GREAT MOSQUE AT MASHAD (LOOKING WEST)—SHOWING (IN THE FOREGROUND) REMAINS OF A POOR WOMAN'S HOUSE WHICH SHE WOULD NOT SELL AS A SITE FOR THE MOSQUE.





3. AT THE MOST SACRED AND CLOSELY GUARDED SHRINE IN PERSIA: THE NORTH - EAST LIWAN, OR VAULTED RECESS, OF GOHAR SHAD, THE EARLIEST EXISTING PART OF THE GREAT MOSQUE AT MASHAD.



# THE MOST CLOSELY GUARDED SHRINE IN PERSIA: THE MOSQUE OF IMAM RIZA.

By ARTHUR UPHAM POPE. (See Illustrations on Pages 540, 541.)

PERHAPS no building has so challenged the curiosity of the Western world as the great Mosque of Imam Riza at Mashad, which for more than a thousand years has been the object of the

something standing free and apart, four-square, and visible on all sides, like St. Paul's or the Houses of Parliament. The Persian mosque shows to the public gaze only its dome and a single majestic portal.

Once through this portal, and one is in a huge court, sometimes two hundred feet square, facing a lordly dome sustained by a great arch and vault, while every resource of the architect and decorator is lavished on the facing walls with their corresponding vaults and repeating arches.

The more famous mosques are not in single buildings, but are congeries of mosques, of varying dates, sizes, and magnificence. The Congregational Mosque of Isfahan consists of a cluster of nearly a dozen mosques and sanctuaries, and the same is true of the group of buildings in Mashad generally designated as the Mosque of Imam Riza. The two principal units

Congregational Mosque of Gohar Shad, where the people more often assemble for prayers.

This mosque, commemorating the saintly sister of a famous monarch, Shah Rukh, was completed in 1421, one of the most magnificent periods in all Persian art. No effort or expense was spared to make it the most gorgeous building possible, and surely, from the point of view of colour, there is nothing in the world to compare with it. Even Monreale and Hagia Sophia pale by comparison.

At the time the mosque was built, some of the most splendid manuscripts, velvets, and brocades that have ever been created were being made, some of the finest of which will be at the forthcoming Exhibition of Persian Art in London. Calligraphers, painters, architects, and potters merged their talents for the Gohar Shad, as they did later for the building of the Taj Mahal.

The forms are majestic and serene. The deep portals, with wide and richly-moulded soffits, the lofty vaults and the tall minarets, would be impressive in the most drab monotone; but in Gohar Shad every surface is gorgeously encrusted with deep and glowing colours in a high-glazed faience arranged in bold but intricate patterns. The building seems made of gleaming jewels—vivid cobalt, intense turquoise, clear light green, various tones of buff and saffron, milk-white and velvet black. One of the vaults carries a striking geometrical design in pale red on a white ground, and another shows light green on white.

The deep vault that leads to the Mihrab, the arch that marks the direction of Mecca, towards which the faithful pray, attains a moving effect of elevated purity. In contrast with the dazzling blaze of colour without, the walls and high clustered masses of stalactites are in a soft and mysterious white. The



HITHERTO "CLOSED AS TIGHTLY AS THE PALACE OF THE LAMAS IN TIBET, AND FAR MORE BEAUTIFUL": THE COURT AND NORTH-WEST LIWAN, OR VAULTED RECESS, OF THE GOHAR SHAD, ARTISTICALLY THE FINEST PART OF THE GREAT MOSQUE OF IMAM RIZA AT MASHAD.

intensest veneration by Persian Mohammedans. Rumours of its fabulous glories, the unbelievable wealth of its treasury and the beauty of its architecture, have sustained the interest of travellers and scholars alike. But any entry of the unfaithful into a Persian mosque merits instant death, and the devout Shia, protecting with his own life the sacred shrines against foreign pollution, believes that he has merited Paradise. The glittering gold and blue domes, which equally thrill the pious pilgrim labouring over the mountain-passes and the modern traveller sailing in an aeroplane above the peaks, mark for the one a life-time's fulfilment, but for the other a challenging question.

Several times Europeans have tried to enter the mosque, and have once or twice succeeded, slipping in, well disguised, in the midst of a crowd for a brief glimpse; but, bewildered by the brevity and intensity of their experience, these adventurers have been as inarticulate as Dante on his return from Paradise.

People have often asked how such a great building can be kept a mystery and guarded from the sight of the foreign intruder; but mosque architecture in Persia is not like monumental architecture in Europe—

in the structure are the Shrine of Imam Riza itself, a huge building with a vast court, with a great, gold-covered vaulted recess leading to the sacred tomb itself, and, adjoining, opposite the tomb, the



"ONE OF THE FAITHFUL SEEKING HELP IN PRESENT TROUBLE": A PILGRIM PRAYING BEFORE A "MIHRAB" IN THE GREAT MOSQUE AT MASHAD, ONE OF THE MOST SACRED PLACES IN PERSIA.

lofty tranquillity of this holy place is enhanced by the bright golden spot of a single candle-flame, marking the unflickering hope of one of the Faithful, seeking help in present trouble.

NOTE.—This article, with its accompanying illustrations, continues the series of illustrated articles we are publishing by way of prelude to the forthcoming Persian Art Exhibition at the Royal Academy. This series began in our August 30 issue.



## WHERE OVER 4000 WERE KILLED: HURRICANE-SWEPT SANTO DOMINGO.



ONE OF THE DEVASTATED MAIN THOROUGHFARES OF SANTO DOMINGO CITY AFTER THE GREAT HURRICANE: RUINS IN AIZOBISHO PORTES STREET.



WITH A BELL LEFT INTACT IN THE SHATTERED BELFRY OF THE CHURCH ON THE LEFT: A DÉBRIS-LITTERED STREET IN SANTO DOMINGO.



CONVICTS IN STRIPED CLOTHES—AND UNDER AN ARMED GUARD—HELPING TO DEAL WITH THE MANY DEAD.



VICTIM OF NATURAL FORCES THAT THREW DOWN STONEWORK AND IRON GIRDERS: A BRIDGE TWISTED IN TWO BY THE HURRICANE IN THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC, WHICH COST OVER 4000 LIVES AND MUCH MATERIAL DAMAGE.



THE WORK OF A FIERCE HURRICANE "BOMBARDMENT": AN AERIAL VIEW OF SANTO DOMINGO REDUCED TO THE SEMBLANCE OF A "DEVASTATED AREA."



WHERE DISEASE AND SHORTAGE OF WATER HELPED TO COMPLETE THE DEADLY WORK THAT THE HURRICANE HAD BEGUN: A WRECKED STREET IN SANTO DOMINGO.

Santo Domingo, the capital of the Dominican Republic, was almost obliterated by a hurricane which swept it on September 3. The United States Minister, with his staff, and all Europeans were reported to have been saved; but in all

there were over 4000 killed, beside 5000 injured. The Army, police, and volunteers worked with haste to collect and burn the corpses in order to prevent an outbreak of plague; and the American Red Cross sent 165 lb. of anti-tetanus, gangrene, and anaerobic serums to Santo Domingo by aeroplane; while relief work was rapidly organised on a large scale in the United States, Porto Rico, Cuba, and Haiti, and H.M.S. "Danae," the nearest British war-ship available, was ordered to proceed to the island as soon as possible. Later the President of the Republic was given Dictator's powers to devise relief measures. The medical supplies from San Juan, Haiti, and Cuba were soon exhausted, and military and naval aeroplanes were then sent with 5000 lb. of surgical dressings, anti-toxin, and anaesthetics from either New York or Washington, while the Corporation of Kingston, Jamaica, organised a special Island Relief Fund.



## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THAT neat and much-quoted, but very dubious, dictum, *Si vis pacem, para bellum*, might be transposed and adapted to literary uses by saying: *Si vis Bellum intelligere, lege Pacem*, which, being interpreted, means: if you would understand the War, read the Peace—not the actual documents of the Versailles Treaty, but the history of the period since it was signed, and especially memoirs of statesmen, diplomatists, and generals. Among works of this character, one of the most valuable, and, at the same time, entertaining, has just reached its third and final instalment in "AN AMBASSADOR OF PEACE—LORD D'ABERNON'S DIARY." Vol. III. The Years of Recovery. January 1924—October 1926. With Historical Notes by Maurice Alfred Gerthwohl, Litt.D. (Dublin). Illustrated with Portraits (Hodder and Stoughton; 21s.). With its two predecessors, this volume will rank among the "indispensables" of the historian's library, while its wit and polished style make it delightful to read.

As British Ambassador in Berlin from 1920 to 1926, Lord D'Abernon was not only in the closest touch with post-war German politics, and proved himself one of the wisest builders of the new Europe, but had unique opportunities for learning authentic details of pre-war German motives and activities. Such information came to him constantly in the course of conversation, and in this way we get many illuminating sidelights on the German war-leaders, including the ex-Kaiser and Crown Prince, Admiral Tirpitz, Ludendorff, Moltke, and many another. Thus, Kuhlmann said to Lord D'Abernon: "The man who really brought on the war, and who deliberately faced the consequences of a great European contest, was Count Conrad von Hotzendorff, Austrian Chief of Staff. For reasons which you will find in his book, he considered it indispensable for Austria to re-establish her authority in the Balkans, and he did not shrink from the consequences."

Lord D'Abernon has smoothed the reader's path through a tangled thicket of negotiations by indicating the principal landmarks of the route. He begins with a survey of events covered by his three volumes, and then gives four brilliant "personal sketches"—of the late Herr Gustav Stresemann, Sir Austen Chamberlain, Carl von Schubert, and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. In the course of the volume there are also vivid pen-portraits of Mr. Churchill, "the ever young and interesting," and the late Lord Curzon. Summing up his own chronicle, Lord D'Abernon says: "Of the three major events recorded in this Diary—the Dawes settlement in 1924, the Locarno Agreement in 1925, and the entry of Germany into the League of Nations in 1926—the greatest was Locarno. Dawes laid the foundation, Geneva crowned the edifice, but the essential building was carried through in October 1925 in that now historic village on the Italian lakes. Imagination has been stirred by Locarno—Locarno is the central theme of the present volume."

Apart from the main political subject indicated above, Lord D'Abernon gives interesting comments or records concerning the Polish question, Soviet Russia and its aims in Asia, and German influence in Afghanistan. Political affairs, though, by no means monopolise the interest of the book. We get, for instance, a glimpse of the author as a race-horse owner, and of other owners, including the Aga Khan; also a memory of a poker-party with Sir Abe Bailey at Johannesburg in 1895, with "stakes so high that it cost £1000 to see your cards." A lunch meeting with Sudermann, the German dramatist, provokes some criticism on the deterioration of the later German stage. But the most interesting of all these various interludes in the political drama is the account of Augustus John's visit to the British Embassy in Berlin in 1925, and his painting a portrait of Stresemann. The famous German Foreign Minister, it appears, was a voluble speaker, inclined to dominate a conversation, and Lord D'Abernon took the opportunity of the sitter's enforced "immobility and comparative silence" to rub in his own political views. The situation was piquant and comic, as Lord D'Abernon describes it—almost like lecturing a man with the dentist's gag in his mouth.

Naturally, there are certain points of contact between Lord D'Abernon's book, on its retrospective side, and "LETTERS OF PRINCE VON BÜLOW." A Selection from Prince von Bülow's Official Correspondence as Imperial Chancellor during the years 1903-1909, including, in particular, many Confidential Letters exchanged between him and the Emperor. Translated and with Preface by Frederic Whyte. Illustrated (Hutchinson; 24s.). To revert to Lord D'Abernon—he records (in 1926): "A long talk recently with Prince Bülow about his past career and the origin of the war. He is confident that the war would not have occurred if he had remained in power. The real cause of the war was mismanagement and the stupidity of everybody. Bülow would never have allowed

the Austrian ultimatum to be sent to Serbia. This was his first point. In the second place, he would have accepted Grey's proposals for a conference, possibly a conference of Foreign Ministers, or even of Crowned Heads; and, in the third place, he would never have permitted the General Staff to invade Belgium. The crisis in 1914 was not more grave, perhaps not so grave, as other previous crises . . . but every danger had been overcome, and it was incapacity which prevented a peaceful solution in 1914." Opinions to a like effect are quoted by Mr. Whyte, who recalls that in December 1914, when Prince von Bülow arrived in Rome as German Ambassador, King Victor Emmanuel's first words to him were: "If you had been in Berlin, all these stupidities would not have happened." Five years before, when Prince von Bülow resigned the Chancellorship, Baron von Holstein (who for many years was head of the German Foreign Office) had remarked to him: "If you go, war will be unavoidable."



HOISTING THE 22-TON BOURDON BELL INTO THE TOWER OF A NEW CHURCH IN NEW YORK: COMPLETING A CARILLON OF SEVENTY-TWO BELLS.

This new church stands on Riverside Drive and 121st Street, New York. It has, it is claimed, the largest carillon in the world, which has been given to the church as a memorial to Mrs. John D. Rockefeller by her son, Mr. John D. Rockefeller. There are seventy-two bells in all, manufactured in England, at Croydon. The big bell sounds low C.

When Prince von Bülow died last November, he had completed an autobiography on which he had been engaged for some years, and which we learn will soon be available. The Prince's letters and memoranda chosen for the present book include "all the letters exchanged between the Emperor and the Chancellor that are given in the German volumes, but only a small fraction of the rest of the correspondence." These other items concern "the relations between the Kaiser and the Tsar Nicholas and King Edward, the Naval rivalry between England and Germany, the Franco-German tussle over Morocco, and, last but not least, the 'Yellow Peril.'"

There was a "post-war" period in Europe after the fall of Napoleon, and a certain parallel to Lord D'Abernon's record is provided by that of a distinguished British diplomat of the older epoch who was concerned in the settlement of Europe after the upheaval of his day. I refer to "THE DIARY AND CORRESPONDENCE OF HENRY WELLESLEY, FIRST LORD COWLEY, 1790-1846." Edited by his grandson, Colonel the Hon. F. A. Wellesley. Formerly British Military Attaché at St. Petersburg and First Secretary of Embassy at Vienna. With Twenty-four Illustrations (Hutchinson; 21s.).

Henry Wellesley, Baron Cowley, who was a brother of the Duke of Wellington, became Minister Plenipotentiary in Spain in 1809, Ambassador to Vienna in 1822, and in 1835 Ambassador in Paris. His diaries, like those of Lord D'Abernon, contain an account of meetings and discussions with foreign statesmen, as well as some letters exchanged with the authorities at home. Here, in fact, we see the politicians of a century ago immersed in the problems of their time (long since solved by the passage of years), much as our own politicians are to-day. Lord Cowley's personal tribute to Guizot—*mutatis mutandis*—is not unlike that of Lord D'Abernon to the character of Stresemann. Taking the two books together, it is interesting to compare not only the problems themselves, but the manner in which they were approached, and, in particular, the far greater part formerly played by royalty. There are some rather uncomplimentary comments on Queen Victoria, by the way, on the occasion of her state visit to Germany in 1845.

In his earlier days Henry Wellesley had some adventurous experiences, both in Europe and India. In 1792 he arrived in Stockholm, as Secretary of Legation to the Swedish Court, just after the assassination of King Gustavus III. at a masked ball at the Opera House, and the assassin's body was hanging in quarters near the city. Next year he rejoined his regiment (the 1st Guards) and took part in the unsuccessful siege of Dunkirk. In 1794 he went to Lisbon to bring home his lately widowed sister, Lady Anne Fitzroy, and when nearing Falmouth their ship was captured by a French frigate and taken into Brest, where they found the Fleet which was defeated later in the same year by Lord Howe. Thence they were taken to a depot of English prisoners at Quimper.

Lady Anne left for England in an American ship when women prisoners were released after the fall of Robespierre, but her brother, with thirteen other men, escaped in an open boat, and, after a terrible night of storm and cold, during which three of the men died, they managed to make the little Cornish port of Mevagissey, thanks to the good seamanship of a smuggler among the party. A touch of unconscious humour occurs in the account of Lord Cowley's subsequent generosity towards this man, for whom he secured several posts which the smuggler failed to retain. "Since that time (we read) I have occasionally provided him with money—but his propensity to drinking has made it impossible to place him in any employment, and I believe he now resides at Devonport." It sounds like the ultimate bourne of a toper's progress!

It is rather curious that, in a diary by Wellington's brother, there does not appear to be any allusion to the battle of Waterloo. There are many references, however, to the Peninsular campaign, and an amusing remark by Wellington when, after Vimiera, he was superseded by a general who would not follow up the victory. "Well," said Wellington, "as nothing more is to be done I shall go and shoot red-legged partridges." Another notable incident in Lord Cowley's diary is his association with the famous duel between Canning and Lord Castlereagh. Owing to his friendship with the latter, he declined Canning's invitation to act as his second, but dined with him on the evening before the encounter and was one of the two witnesses to his will on that occasion.

Among other noteworthy books of kindred interest which I am compelled to reserve for future attention, are "SIDE LIGHTS ON QUEEN VICTORIA." By Sir Frederick Ponsonby. Illustrated (Macmillan; 21s.); "MAKERS OF MODERN EUROPE." By Count Sforza. Illustrated (Elkin Mathews; 21s.); and "FRANCE." A Short History of its Politics, Literature, and Art from Earliest Times to the Present. By Henry Dwight Sedgwick. Illustrated (Harrap; 10s. 6d.). Three other cognate works, briefly mentioned a few weeks ago, may also be appropriately recalled—"FRAGMENTS OF A POLITICAL DIARY." By Joseph M. Baernreither (the Austrian statesman). Edited and Introduced by Joseph Redlich. With Portrait (Macmillan; 16s.); "THE BIOGRAPHY OF PRESIDENT VON HINDENBURG." By A. M. K. Watson. Illustrated (Marriott; 10s. 6d.); and "HINDENBURG." The Man and the Legend. By Margaret Goldsmith and Frederick Voigt. Illustrated (Faber and Faber; 12s. 6d.). Lord D'Abernon, I may add, writing in 1926, says that President Hindenburg "has learnt a great deal about political life during the last few months. A fine achievement for a bluff old soldier of seventy-eight." A later comment of the same year says that the President "instinctively distrusts anything but force, and is sceptical about the efficacy of the mild idealism of the League of Nations." C. E. B.





*The Young 'un:* "Had a sad disappointment the other day—George asked me down to taste a bottle of brandy that he'd found in his father's cellar—been there years and years."

*The Old Stager:* "Well, what happened, did the butler drop it?"

*The Young 'un:* "No, but it was terrible—fiery as the devil."

*The Old Stager:* "Bottled young, that's why. Age in bottle is no good to a liqueur brandy. Age in *cask* is what counts. That's one reason why I like 'Cordon Bleu,' age in cask guaranteed, Age and Quality, of course."

# MARTELL'S CORDON BLEU

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## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. INDIA AS AN ARTISTIC ENTITY.

"A History of Fine Art in India and Ceylon." By Vincent A. Smith.\* Reviewed by FRANK DAVIS.

eyes that such a thick-waisted, hefty creature should have been thus immortalised.

Nor was Vincent Smith's attitude to Brahmanical Indian Art in the least degree sympathetic. "The religion which finds expression in imagery so truly devilish is not a pleasant subject of contemplation, and no amount of executive skill or cleverness in the production of scenic effect can justify, on æsthetic grounds, such a composition, which is frankly hideous. Its claim to be considered a work of art rests solely upon its display of power in a semi-barbaric fashion. The horror of the subject and its treatment is not redeemed by any apparent ethical lesson. The earlier Buddhism, as a religion, busied itself mainly with morals, and consciously aimed at 'the welfare and happiness of all creatures,' a fine ideal which found its utterance in art. In Brahmanical Hinduism

from look at the illustrations, even if they refused to read the text. Plate 2, the capital of the inscribed Asoka pillar at Sarnath, would make

THIS is a second edition, but a noble one, and produced at a time when our anxious interest in the unhappy political tangle of India should make many new readers for a work dealing with a subject that is at once stimulating and requires no Round-Table Conference for its elucidation. The book is quite literally noble; the binding is noble. So is the printing. So are the illustrations. So was the author's mind. The immensely complicated story of the art, not of a country, but of a continent, is treated with the dispassionate regard for proven fact of the Simon Report, and with the sympathy of a man who was in love with both the people and their monuments.

The perfervid Indian Nationalist will doubtless dislike it, for there is no attempt to conceal the debt India has owed to foreign artistic influences during the passing of the centuries: equally, the perfervid European will dislike it, for if he reads it with attention he will find his fanatic and touching faith in the incomparable superiority of Greek ideals of symmetry and canons of beauty disastrously weakened. The learned author himself is not entirely without bias: in one place he speaks of the conventional Indian type of female figure, with its thin waist and exaggerated hips, as a disfigurement. The present reviewer, and, I expect, the majority of his readers, will heartily agree. At the same time, I think we ought to ask ourselves whether we have any right to impose our own prejudices in the matter of feminine symmetry upon other people: no doubt the average Indian who visits the Louvre and sees for the first time the Venus de Milo will scarcely be able to believe his



"AN UNFORGETTABLE IMPRESSION OF POWER AND MOVEMENT": A COLOSSAL HORSE AT KONARAK, WHERE THERE IS AN UNFINISHED TEMPLE DEDICATED TO THE SUN (ERECTED BETWEEN A.D. 1240 AND 1280), WHICH WAS DESIGNED TO SIMULATE A GIGANTIC SOLAR CAR DRAWN BY HORSES.

of all varieties each man seeks at the most his own personal salvation, and so Brahmanical art seldom exhibits a trace of human sympathy, a defect dearly purchased by its much-praised idealism."

This, surely, rather begs the question. Few of us can fail to remember, with something approaching horror, various Gothic carvings in which devils and sinners are realistically portrayed in a manner which freezes the blood, or a head of Christ in which unbearable agony is triumphantly expressed—in short, works of art whose claims "rest solely upon their display of power in a semi-barbaric fashion." And, to come much nearer to our own time, one or two of the cartoons of Goya—a great artist, if ever there was one—rival in horror any Brahmanical nightmare ever imagined. The truth would seem to be that there are many superb works of art which, though fine, are such that nothing would induce us to live with them: few of us are robust enough to incarcerate ourselves in a chamber of horrors, however well ordered and rhythmic.

I defy anyone to review this volume as it deserves—it covers too wide a range—but I wish I could make a few of the good souls who know India as the place where the Calcutta Sweep comes

them gasp—so would Plate 76A, the colossal horse from Konarak. This enormous beast with the man by his side gives an unforgettable impression of power and movement. No wonder an enthusiastic critic compares it with the famous equestrian statue of Bartolommeo Colleoni by Verrocchio at Venice! To me—judging of course, only from photographs—it seems finer because less sophisticated.

Ceylon and Java are treated in a separate chapter. The following gives the gist of a problem which will perhaps be unfamiliar to many: "The extensive and long-continued emigration from India to the Far East—including Pegu, Siam, and Cambodia on the mainland, and Java, Sumatra, Bali, and Borneo among the islands of the Malay Archipelago—and the consequent establishment of Indian institutions and art in the countries named, constitute one of the darkest mysteries in history. The reality of the debt due to India by those distant lands is attested abundantly by material remains, by the existence to this day of both the Buddhist and Brahmanical religions in the island of Bali to the east of Java, by Chinese history, and by numerous traditions preserved in India, Pegu, Siam, and the Archipelago. . . . In Java the forms of art are thoroughly Indian in subject and style, of high æsthetic quality, and sufficiently dated to permit of their correlation with the art of India."

The chapter on Foreign Influence on Indian Art, dealing mainly, of course, with the fascinating Hellenistic Sculpture of Gandhara, is eminently well balanced and judicial; while one cannot imagine a simpler or more illuminating exposition than the section devoted to the Indo-Mohammedan styles of architecture. Even the hackneyed, but genuinely beautiful, Taj Mahal is seen from a new angle, both in the illustration and in the author's mind.

By a regrettable oversight, the article on Old Sheffield Plate, published on this page on Sept. 13, appeared without any acknowledgment of the ownership of the pieces illustrated. An apology is due to both possible visitors and the owners of the collection, Messrs. Holmes (Jewellers) Ltd., of 29, Old Bond Street. The exhibition will, I understand, remain open for a considerable period, and it should be studied by everyone who takes even the most casual interest in 18th-century craftsmanship.

\* "A History of Fine Art in India and Ceylon." By Vincent A. Smith. Second Edition. Revised by K. de B. Codrington. (Clarendon Press; £3 3s.)



"UNQUESTIONABLY THE BEST EXTANT SPECIMEN OF ASOKAN SCULPTURE": THE VIGOROUS AND MAJESTIC CAPITAL OF AN INSCRIBED PILLAR, DISCOVERED AT SARNATH, NEAR BENARES, IN 1905.

This column was erected to mark the spot where Gautama Buddha first "turned the wheel of law"—that is, publicly preached his doctrine; and the symbolism of the figures commemorates that event. The four lions standing back-to-back on the abacus once supported a stone wheel, 2 ft. 9 in. in diameter, of which only fragments remain. It was executed between 242 and 232 B.C.

Photographs reproduced from illustrations to "A History of Fine Art in India and Ceylon" (Second Edition), by Vincent A. Smith; by Courtesy of the Publishers, The Clarendon Press, Oxford.





## “BLUE AND GOLD TOURS”



The South African Railways, in association with the leading Shipping Lines on the African routes, have organised an attractive programme of sunshine tours to South Africa for the coming Winter.

Sailings from British and Continental ports will be made at frequent intervals between 8th November, 1930, and 30th January, 1931. The steamer fares, on a liberal concessionary basis for the return voyage of 12,000 miles, are unique in travel values.

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## FASHIONS FOR THE PRESENT SEASON.

1930 VERSIONS OF THE BÉRET:  
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WOOLLANDS, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.  
THE ONE ON THE RIGHT IS OF  
FELT, AND THE OTHER OF VELVET.



AN EMPIRE FROCK OF TO-DAY: A FASHION-  
ABLE EVENING DRESS IN BLACK GEORGETTE,  
WITH THE TOP OF SHADED PINK NET. AT  
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WITH A DIAMANTÉ-STUDDED CAPE: A  
FROCK OF NASTURTIUM GEORGETTE, WITH AN  
OLD-WORLD CAPE, AT SWAN AND EDGAR'S.



(LEFT) FLECKED YELLOW,  
GREY, AND BLACK: A  
SMART ENSEMBLE FROM  
AQUASCUTUM, 100, REGENT  
STREET, W. THE FROCK IS  
KNITTED AND THE COAT  
IS OF TWEED, COLLARED  
WITH FINE LYNX LAMB.



(RIGHT) WITH DECORATIVE  
COLLAR AND CUFFS: A  
BEAUTIFUL COAT OF BLACK  
FACE - CLOTH TRIMMED  
WITH CARACUL, AND A  
SMART LITTLE FELT HAT  
FROM ROBERT HEATH'S,  
OF KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.



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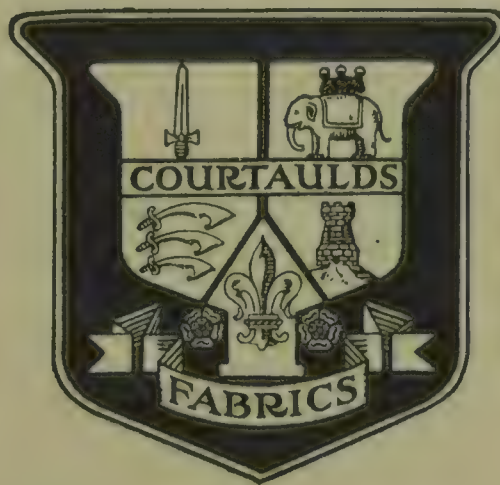
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## THE PLAYHOUSES.

### "FOLLOW A STAR," AT THE WINTER GARDEN.

ONE of the best musical comedies seen in London for a long time. The story, which opens during a rehearsal at a New York cabaret, moves to one of the stately homes of England—Bohun Towers, in which the World's Worst Conjuror finds himself installed as the rightful owner. There are many amusing situations, and a number of bright lines. The music, by Mr. Vivian Ellis, is more than ordinarily tuneful. The lighting is a particular feature of the show, and some of the effects are extremely beautiful. The costuming and work of the chorus are brilliant. Mr. Jack Hulbert has never devised or produced to better purpose. Miss Sophie Tucker was at the top of her form, and obviously delighted those who appreciate her type of humour; she has abounding vitality, and acts very competently in this her first appearance on the legitimate stage. Mr. A. W. Baskcomb has seldom been better suited than he is as Timothy Boob. Miss Betty Davies was a youthful and charming heroine, and Miss Irene Russell made an excellent vamp. Mr. Jack Hulbert was at his best. The appearance of Mr. Alfred Drayton and Mr. Louis Goodrich in "straight" parts was a most successful innovation.

### "SEXTON BLAKE," AT THE PRINCE EDWARD.

Sexton Blake is the office-boy's Sherlock Holmes, and his adventures have been running in what are known as "popular periodicals" for the last thirty years. Consequently, he had many admirers to welcome his appearance on the stage at the Prince Edward. Of its type—a detective thriller—it is not bad. Not comparable, of course, to the best work of Mr. Edgar Wallace, but still, effective enough. There were some good scenic thrills: the collapse of a house upon Sexton Blake's head and a smash at a level-crossing. The excited audience cheered even when a taxi and a motor-bicycle crossed the stage. Miss Dora Gregory, as Mrs. Bardell—a part unworthy

of her talents, depending as it did for its humour on malapropisms—got many laughs from the unsophisticated. Mr. Arthur Wontner played with admirable gravity as the great detective. For the sake of the youngsters, it is to be hoped the play runs until the Christmas holidays, for they will enjoy it more than anybody.

## THE WORLD OF THE KINEMA.

(Continued from Page 526.)

form, under the title of "By Way of Cape Horn." On this book the picture is based. And a splendid picture it is, too; vigorous, full of action, and of poignant beauty, superbly attuned to the medium of cinematography.

There can be nothing but praise for the manner in which the director, John Orton, has linked together the pictorial log-book supplied by Mr. Villiers. He spins no yarn of love and villainy, but seeks his drama in the reaction of the rough-and-ready crew in the fo'c'sle to the caprices of the elements without. Rain, storm, and sunless skies, the deadly calm of "the doldrums" and the terrific onslaught of a hurricane, find their echo down in that dripping, creaking, swaying fo'c'sle. Petty jealousies, squabbles, superstition, even women, invade the place, for the man who has cut out the most alluring damsel from the pages of a magazine excites the envy of his mates. But all these minor issues go down before the storm or the misfortunes of the voyage. The voluptuous lady, alas! is bartered for a mess of pottage when food runs short in "the doldrums"! Thus the fictional part of the picture is never an interruption, but rather a chorus to the main theme. The more so since it is staged with a realism that, on its more limited canvas, holds its own extremely well with the pageantry of sky, sea, and sail.

As to the main theme, it swells with a marvellous *crescendo*, inherent, no doubt, in the nature of the subject, but carefully fostered by the producer. It begins quietly enough, as journeys do, with the

introduction of the crew in the harbour of Wallaroo. A few seasoned old salts, a handful of lads, an English youngster, down and out, eager to work his passage home, gather round the deal table slung from the fo'c'sle ceiling. Some deliberate preliminaries, Bert's mouth-organ, Jack's mandoline, and then the hoisting of the sails to catch the morning breeze. After that the progress of *Grace Harwar* round Cape Horn—which more than lives up to its evil character—is pointed by the singularly apt commentaries of the men and the brief entries in the exceedingly miserable but game young Englishman's diary. And always and ever the gallant white-winged ship adds her note of loveliness. Bare spars fretted against an angry sky, a pattern of rigging and yard-arms, anon every stitch of canvas yearning for the wind that will not come. Mr. Villiers has found sensational angles of the crew at work up aloft, and angles that fill the screen with designs of exquisite composition. He has caught for us the wash of great seas athwart the deck, the rush of great winds that rend a sail to ribbons, the peril and the glory of it all. And he has, incidentally, in conjunction with Mr. Orton and Mr. Herbert, delivered a counterblast to the pessimists who consider the talking-film moribund.

For, despite the sheer pictorial beauties of the picture, it gains much from the introduction of sound and dialogue. The relief of humour, for one thing. Mr. A. P. Herbert's dialogue is racy. It abounds in good lines and the ready wit of the Cockney. It has, too, the inestimable value of simplicity in its more serious moments. With an *ensemble* of actors who seem to live rather than to play their parts, "The Windjammer" is that rare thing—a film that triumphantly fulfils the task it set itself. It brings to the screen the call of the sea and the glamour of the old sailing-ships. And when the disgruntled sailor, casting a farewell glance at *Grace Harwar*, lying so demurely in the London docks, exclaims, "Gawd! I believe I'd do it again," we, the witnesses of the dangers and discomforts of his journey, feel that we know why.



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## MARINE CARAVANNING.—C.

By COMMANDER G. C. E. HAMPDEN, R.N.

A YACHT-YARD that goes out of its way to save expense to its clients is worth patronising. I have recently visited one at the special request of a satisfied yacht-owner who has no other interest in the firm. The yard in question is the Risdon Beazley Marine Trading Co., Bitterne Manor, Southampton. With a yacht-building and repairing business this firm combine ship-breaking, and are thus able to supply almost any fitting required by a yacht, from a skylight or engine to a plank of timber, at very low prices. They are second-hand, of course (though new will be supplied if wanted), but are none the worse for that, for in most cases they are high-grade articles that have been removed from expensive vessels. The yard can store 100 craft of 40 ft. long under cover, and have sheds that will take vessels up to 80 ft. long. Nine pounds is the charge for storing 28-ft. speed-boats for the winter, and this sum includes the use of a store and hauling up and launching again. Vessels up to 200 tons can be dealt with.

When I visited this yard, I took the opportunity of inspecting the very interesting yacht *Warrior*, belonging to my informant. She is due to leave England next month; so is in an advanced state of completion. In many ways she is unique. She is 67 ft. over-all, 60 ft. on the water-line, 13½ ft. beam, and has a draught of 5 ft. 9 in. Her planking is of double-skin diagonal teak, each skin being ¾ in.; whilst her decks and all their fittings are of the same timber. Her hull was designed originally by the Admiralty to their highest specification, so that it is immensely strong, and has under-water lines suitable for a speed of 15 knots or more. She has now been completed as a full-powered ocean-going yacht, with 550 sq. ft. of sails. For the time being, two

55-65 h.p. M.A.N. Diesel engines are to be fitted, but next year they will be replaced by two 72-h.p. Gardner compression engines. Stowage for 5 tons of oil fuel, 1½ tons of water, 30 gallons lubricating oil, 50 gallons paraffin, and 50 gallons petrol is provided. The owner, Captain Harbord, is an experienced yachtsman, and has personally designed, and is supervising, every detail of her outfit, ably assisted by the yard staff.

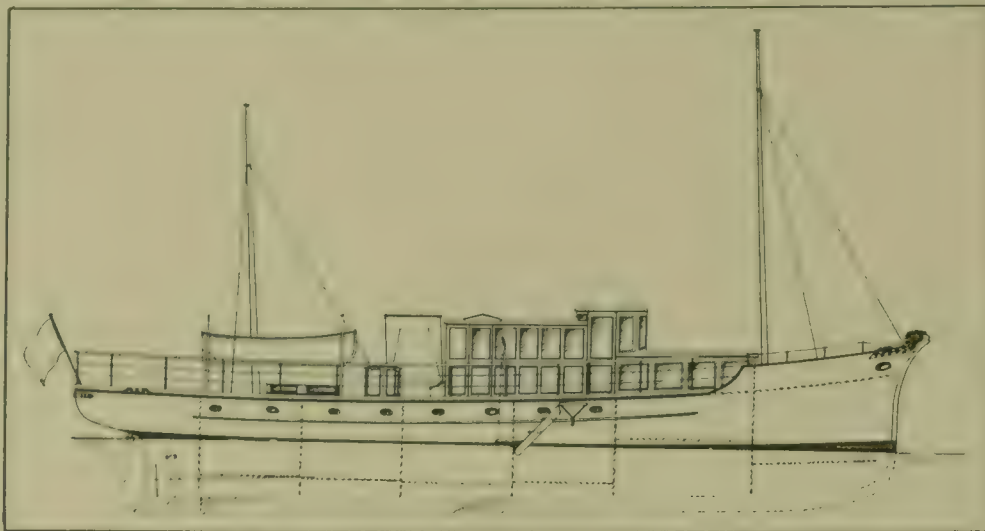
The accommodation consists of a fo'c'sle forward for four men, with a lavatory and wash-basin in a

windows. The saloon is a masterpiece of ingenuity, and measures 13 ft. by 11 ft. It contains a horse-shoe-shaped settle that surrounds a table to seat six in comfort or eight at a pinch, a "Cosy" stove, a writing-table, with pigeon-holes sunk into the panelling, a chest of drawers, cocktail bar, wireless, stowage for suit-cases in the back of the settle, and many other small comforts that are only found in craft belonging to "old hands."

Abaft the saloon is a combined wheel-house and lounge, with a large and airy engine-room underneath that has full head-room. The very luxurious and well-ventilated galley, together with the cold-storage outfit, takes up the after-end of the deck-house, and is reached through a short alleyway. The funnel contains the silencers, which have been specially designed by the owner, whilst at its base are the fresh- and salt-water gravity-tanks.

The owner's cabin is abaft the engine-room, and measures 13½ ft. by 8½ ft. It has two bunks, two settees, two skylights, and four large oval port-holes. Further aft, on the port side, is a single cabin, having a skylight and two port-holes, with a white-tiled bath and toilet-room opposite that contains two electrically-heated boilers for fresh- and salt-water baths. A large double-berth cabin that extends right across the stern completes the accommodation. Two heavy bow anchors are

carried, a Hyland hydraulic capstan, a Stuart Turner electric generating-set, and Edison batteries. Five persons (excluding crew) can therefore be accommodated in comfort, but, by using the settees in the saloon, wheel-house, and owner's cabin, there is sleeping-space for nine in emergency. The whole design of this vessel, and the way in which it has been carried out, is a credit to the owner, though he himself says that the lion's share should be given to the yard, where every effort is made to keep the costs as low as possible without sacrificing good quality.



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room adjoining. Normally, only one man will be carried, but room for four has been provided, because the owner only uses his vessel in the winter and charters her with a larger crew in the summer. Passing through the fo'c'sle is an intake ventilating-trunk to the bilges, the exhaust-trunk being right aft, so the bilges may always be sweet. A 2-in. diagonal bulkhead divides the saloon from the crew-space, the floor of the latter being raised in order to provide space for the fuel-tanks, etc., underneath, and also to permit a cabin-top of 3 ft. high, in which are large

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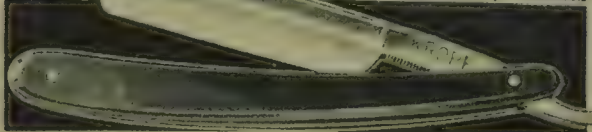
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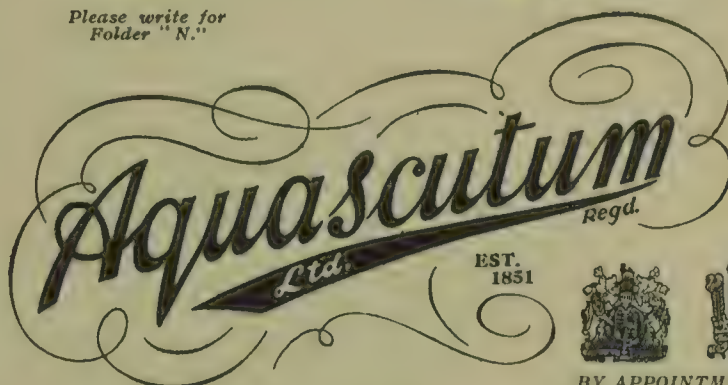


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## THE POPE AND THE VATICAN CAPTIVITY.

(Continued from Page 518.)

religious movement during the last half-century. In order to understand from what a pitch of deep necessity it emanated, one has only to look at what happened to the monarchy after 1870.

It was after the eighteenth century that the Kings and the Emperors throughout Europe began to appear more and more in public and to mix with the crowd. They all, to a greater or less extent, reduced their luxury and simplified the ceremonial with which the monarchy had surrounded itself in former days; they multiplied their contact with all classes, courted *Demos* by soliciting the journalist's pen, by posing for the camera, sanctifying by their presence all those actions of collective life which interested the most varied groups. It was inevitable. The democratic current was too swift for even the strongest monarchies to be able to resist it. But the consequences have been considerable and multiple. By coming into contact with the public, several Sovereigns ended by contracting certain faults which are often found in the politicians of democratic parties. How many examples of this we might cite! There was, for example, a Sovereign who ended by becoming as jealous of public applause every time he showed himself as an actor. If the people had not clapped him sufficiently warmly, he returned home in a bad temper, was sulky with his Ministers, and accused them of making him unpopular. In order to keep him in a good temper, the Ministers were forced to organise a band of paid clappers who always ran after the King. So after every public appearance the King returned home convinced that he and his Ministers were ensuring the happiness of the people.

The heir to a great crown (a position he lost in 1918), a man much spoken of during the war, told me another story of the same kind. A great Paris dressmaker had been sent for to take an order for a dress for the Princess. She arrived at the Royal Palace, and was shown into a large drawing-room. While she waited for her august client, she saw a large, superbly-bound volume lying on the table; thinking it was an illustrated book, she opened it and turned over the leaves. It was a collection of newspaper cuttings about her Royal Highness, which had been carefully collected and pasted on to luxurious pages; the registration of her first glories, the archives of that little

immortality of a day which the Clio of the street corners distributes every morning and evening to so many different people, kings and dancers, ministers and assassins, learned men and boxers, men of letters, aviators, saints, and swindlers.

But this exhibition of themselves has not only spoilt the character of many Sovereigns; it has compromised the prestige of dynasties. It is difficult to believe in the innate superiority of a family when one sees its members plunging continually into the torrent of common humanity. An authority which rises from the bottom gathers strength by mixing with the masses. An authority which descends from the heights has need to keep its distance. That is the problem, which, throughout the nineteenth century, became increasingly difficult for all the reigning dynasties. In one country alone monarchy has managed to solve it, without belittling its prestige and without provoking a revolt of the spirit of equality of the time; that country is England. That is the problem to which, by protesting against the kingdom of Italy, Pius IX. accidentally found an original solution for the Head of the Church; a solution which succeeded just because it was strange to the spirit of the Western World and opposed to the strongest tendencies of our time.

Since 1870, in the midst of the universal democratisation of ideas, manners, and institutions, the Head of the Catholic Church has been the only invisible authority for the whole of the Western World. To see him or to hear his voice, it was necessary to be presented to him; it was necessary to go to Rome, solicit a special audience, cross a jealously-guarded threshold, submit to a complicated ceremonial, and penetrate into a world set apart, a world entirely different from that from which the visitors emanated, no matter from which country they might have come; a world which, in the midst of the turbid torrent of modern life, remained intact in its dazzling anachronism and its hieratical magnificence. It is difficult to imagine a better combination to uplift the prestige of an indisputable authority in the eyes of a century more and more dominated by the mania of universal vulgarisation and perpetual change. Now that so many Courts have been evacuated and that the Sovereigns who retain their thrones shut their palaces and take refuge in houses which, though smaller, are well provided with all "modern comforts," the Vatican alone remains, together with the museums with which all the great towns of Europe and America are

provided, as the last vestige of the old qualitative civilisations, of all that long past which resulted in the French Revolution and the nineteenth century.

From one point of view, it is one more museum, but a living one; an active museum because it is the seat of a spiritual Government which acts upon the world by directing the religious life of several millions of men. That is the secret of the kind of fascination exercised over the modern world by all that touches the Papal Court, Protestants and Catholics, believers and free-thinkers, Europeans and Americans. One need only go to Rome at any time to prove this. That isolation has too many advantages for anyone to wish to renounce it in favour of giving himself up defenceless, like so many other Powers, to the promiscuous democracy of the modern world. Could the Pope mix, like Kings and Republican Presidents, in contemporary life without simplifying, as the Kings have had to do, the ceremonial by which they are surrounded? The last long journey made by a Pope was, I think, that of Pope Pius IX. in the spring of 1857. He went to Bologna, and from Bologna he left his State and crossed over into Modena to pay a visit to its Duke; and he returned to Rome, passing through Florence, where he stayed at the palace of the Grand Duke. Everywhere solemn festivals were held in his honour. Life then was still slow and peaceful; the towns were still small, the streets were empty and sleepy; the world's insomnia had not then set in, men did not then run hither and thither day and night, driven by the urge of work and pleasure. The Pope could then travel through the world with the slow solemnity of hieratical pomp, without disturbing it or being hurried.

But two years later the guns of Solferino had changed all that, and the régime which in 1857 had thrown flowers along the central Italian roads which were traversed by the Pope on his last Italian journey had crumbled away. The civilisation of Fire and Iron, with its grandeurs and excesses, entered Italy also. A new life was beginning which was to be the opposite of that of which the remembrance was to be kept in the sealed enclosure of the Vatican. Two different worlds exist inside and outside of the immense Palace walls. They can react one upon another, but can never be amalgamated. The repugnance of the Pope to leave the Vatican is only the concrete manifestation of that reciprocal impenetrability which is stronger than all human wills.

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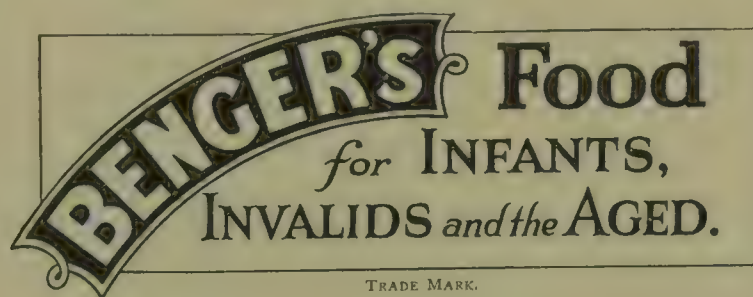
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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

It is interesting to note that British motor-manufacturers are gaining slightly on their American rivals in the export business with our own folks in Australasia. This time last year England shared only 16 per cent. of this trade. Now she has obtained 20 per cent. The total volume of all motor exports is down in all parts of the world, so it is pleasing to know that English makers have dropped less than other makers, their percentage having increased. Much of this is due to the energy of the British section of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders in establishing branch offices in the Dominions. These are open in New Zealand, in Australia, and South Africa, and are about to be established in India.

Australia, by the way, only grants driving licenses after a test of the applicant's proficiency. Each would-be driver has to pass a test to the satisfaction of a plain-clothes policeman from the Traffic Branch who accompanies the driver. In Melbourne, I am informed, the candidate is required to drive during business hours over a course that leads through the city and passes on to a specially marked road, known locally as "Mugs Alley," as beginners practise here. The first test is reversing uphill in a straight line. Next, the operator is required to turn the car in half the width of the road: this entails reversing the car to do it. Then follows parking in marked spaces; first backing diagonally to the kerb, then parallel to the kerb in a restricted space. In the latter test there is a tree behind one, and white lines in front representing another car. After this the candidate is required to stop and re-start, using hand-brake only, on a one-in-ten slope downhill in the city. If the driver successfully executes all these tests, or fails in not more than two, he receives a license, which enables him (or her) to drive any car anywhere in Australia, and for which five shillings has to be paid, as in England.

**Improved Models by Humber Co.** Over one thousand traders and exporters of motor-vehicles visited the Humber Works at Coventry recently to inspect the new models for 1931. I have attended many similar functions, but never have I met such unanimity of satisfaction as

was expressed by the dealers at this show. Everybody liked the chassis, liked the prices, and praised the coachwork finish. The small 9-h.p. Humber has been dropped, and the cars for the next season are the six-cylinder models, the 16-h.p., the Snipe (short chassis) 24-h.p., and the Pullman (long chassis) 24-h.p. cars. Cleaners to screen the air to the carburettor from all dust impurities; oil-filters, as well as the ordinary wire-mesh type, to purify the lubricant; and radiator-shutters with Smith's thermostat control, are new standard equipment on these cars. A Stromberg down-draught carburettor with pump feed has considerably increased the engine power, at the same time improving silence in running the engine. Better suspension is provided by the incorporation of double-acting hydraulic shock-absorbers both front and rear. Modifications to the Duo-Servo four-wheel brakes render them much smoother in their action and very easily adjustable. Prices are reduced £40 to £50 on all models, which brings these cars well into competition with rivals overseas. Central gear-change is now standard on all Humber cars. The self-centring action of the steering is improved, and greater clearance given to the wings, besides an increased petrol-tank capacity.

As for the coachwork, no better value has ever yet been given on production models. The saloons have greater head-room, wider bodies, folding arm-rests, and a new design of hinged quarter-light that, when opened, further improves the ventilation of the interior without causing draughts. Triplex safety glass is fitted. The panelled Weymann saloons and sports close-coupled coupés have folding foot-rests for the rear-seated passengers, and the saloons also have folding tea-tables that, with the foot-rests, close out of sight into the backs of the adjustable front seats. All models are available with either fixed or sliding roof. Moreover, when with the latter, they do not show it when shut, as there is no broken line across the top. The new Humber models are full luxury-cars at semi-luxury prices, since one can buy the 16-h.p. saloon from £425, the Snipe from £485, and the seven-seater Pullman from £695.

**Streamline Car; Burney Design.** Sir Dennistoun Burney, the designer of "R 100," has produced a new type of car-design. Built at the old G.W.K. works at Maidenhead, the Burney

Streamline car is as unorthodox a carriage as is possible to imagine. Its claims for preference to the ordinary motor-carriage are, however, well founded. In the first place, the engine, an eight-cylinder Beverley "straight-eight" of 22 h.p. (three litres), is carried behind the rear axle, and so drives the rear wheels through a four-speed (forward) gear-box without the usual long propeller-shaft from front to rear. This permits a low chassis-frame, so that no running-board or step is required. One enters the carriage easily from the roadway without having to step high to get into it. With the motor in the rear, the heat and smell of the ordinary engine are away from the passengers. All the wheels are sprung independently, which is another advantage. All the seven passengers are carried between the two axles (front and back), so no one is over either. This, with the form of suspension, adds greatly to their comfort. The design of the coachwork is decidedly original. Streamlining to minimise air-resistance has been carried out to the utmost. All lamps and other usual outside fittings are carried enclosed in the design, which forms a segment of a circle in outline with smooth sides. The result is the high speed of eighty miles an hour as a maximum, with fuel economy, due to low air-resistance of the design reducing the wind-pressure by 40 per cent, as compared with the ordinary standard coachwork of other cars, according to the designer. He stated to me that the 22-h.p. Streamline car has a petrol-consumption of twenty-one miles to the gallon. At the same time, it is steadier on the road, much safer with its very low centre of gravity, and much more comfortable at all speeds. It is a luxury-car, as its price is £1500; but its running expenses (tyres, fuel, etc.) are stated to be about 50 per cent. below the average costs of an orthodox type of car with the same road performance.

**New 8-h.p. Swift Car.**

Cheap motoring is the present desire of all car-owners in these days. Consequently, the small runabout is very popular both with those who also own large motor-carriages and with that class of owners who have only the income to withstand the expenses of a small car. Those who remember the wonderful 8-h.p. Swift of 1914 will be glad to learn that a greatly improved edition of that car is now

*[Continued overleaf.]*



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#### **7 H.P.**

	NEW PRICE	OLD PRICE
Saloon ... ..	£130 0 0	£140
Fabric Saloon ...	130 0 0	140
Tourer ... ..	122 10 0	130
2 seater ... ..	122 10 0	130

#### **12 H.P.**

Burnham Saloon ...	299 0 0	320
Marlow Fabric		
Saloon 4 window	299 0 0	310
Wycombe Fabric		
Saloon 6 window	299 0 0	320
Watford Fabric		
Saloon	275 0 0	275
New Open Road		
Tourer 5 seater	275 0 0	255
Eton 2 seater ...	275 0 0	255

#### **16 H.P.**

	NEW PRICE	OLD PRICE
Burnham Saloon ...	£335 0 0	£375
Beaconsfield Fabric		
Saloon 4 window	335 0 0	365
Salisbury Fabric		
Saloon 6 window	335 0 0	375
New Open Road		
Tourer 5 seater	310 0 0	310
Harrow 2 seater ...	310 0 0	310

#### **20 H.P.**

Ranelagh ... ..	575 0 0	630
Carlton Saloon ...	525 0 0	560
Marlborough		
Landaulet	525 0 0	560

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Continued.] being made by Swift of Coventry, Ltd. It is called the 8-h.p. Swift "Cadet," to distinguish it from the Swift 10-h.p. model of the last two seasons. The latter, with its four-speed gear-box, is the leader in the category of economy-cars of class. The new 8-h.p. "Cadet" is a smaller edition, yet provides ample seating-room and reliable performance with very smart appearance. Moreover, it looks a regular car in miniature, and sturdy in its assembled details. Like all other small cars, such as the Triumph, Austin, and Morris Minor, it is really designed to carry two persons, yet can manage four occasionally if required. Too many folk are apt to buy these tiny-engined vehicles and overload them with four big adult passengers. The cars do it quite admirably, but it must be remembered they are really two-seaters. I hope the many buyers of the new 8-h.p. Swift will remember this, and not constantly overload this willing and comfortable little car.

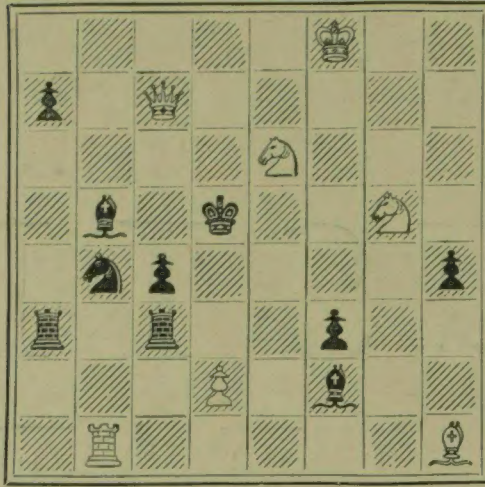
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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F H ROLLISON (Evansville, Ind.).—In No. 4072, if 1. KK3, KB3; and there is no mate in two.  
F WHEELER (Uitenhage).—In Game Problem No. XLII, the line you suggest is interesting, and we cannot find anything better after... KKt5 than Kt×Qch; KB2!; Kt×Kt; with a poor look-out for Black.  
J W SMEDLEY (Oldham).—In Game Problem No. XLVIII, if 1. PKB4, Black might play Q×QP with advantage.  
T G COLLINGS (Hulme).—Your "duals" in No. 4072 (Boswell) are illusory; if after 1. QO8, PB3; 2. KB7, KB8, or KK8, Black can play K×P. Look before you lunge!  
SOLVER (Alberta).—No. 4035 (Fenner), QKt6; No. 4038 (Evans), R(R3)—B3.

PROBLEM No. 4077.—By REGINALD B. COOKE (Portland, Me.).  
BLACK (10 pieces).



WHITE (7 pieces).

[In Forsyth Notation: 5K2; prQ5; 4S3; 1b1k2S1; 1sp4p; r1r2p2; 3P1b2; 1R5B.]

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4075. By RUDOLF L'HERMET (Schönebeck).  
[1K2Q3; 1BP2r1p; 4sR2; 6pp; 6Pk; P6p; 2S4P; 8; in three moves.]  
Keymove: B—B8 [Bb7—c8].

If 1. — PR3; 2. KtRsq!; K×P; 3. QR4; if 2. — Kt (any). 3. QKsq; if 2. — R (any). 3. Q×P; if 2. — P×P; 3. RR6.  
A really extraordinary problem, with a most ingenious key, preventing the pinning of the White Q by the R, and pinning the Black Kt after K×P. The continuation, 2. KtR1, is most amusingly original. White must play a waiting-move when each of Black's second moves is suicidal. The Knight is the only piece he can wait

with, as a K-move allows a check, and PR4 obstructs a mating square; and if the Kt goes elsewhere than R1, he too obstructs a mating line or square. We do not remember to have seen a three-er on these lines before, and once again raise our hat, on behalf of ourselves and our solvers, to Herr L'Hermet, whose fund of ingenuity seems inexhaustible.

ONE OF WINTER'S WINS.

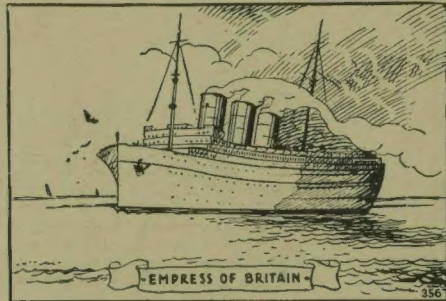
The stronger and more varied the opposition, the better Winter plays, and he had a remarkable record at Hamburg, going through the whole Tournament without a defeat. He dons his halo next week as tutelary deity at the Empire Social Chess Club, where gambits are to be explained and encouraged, and the lively game given below shows that he is not averse to a rough-and-tumble if occasion offers.

Queen's Pawn (Bogoljubow's Defence).

WHITE W Winter (British Empire).	BLACK A Steiner (Hungary).	WHITE W Winter (British Empire).	BLACK A Steiner (Hungary).
1. PQ4	KtKB3	If 12. — QK2; 13. PB5, and out goes he!	
2. PQB4	PK3	13. P×P	BKB4
3. KtQB3	BKt5	A cunning device, but not quite good enough.	
The object of this deployment is to play B×Kt, but the wily Steiner postpones the exchange till the opportunity is denied him, and gets into trouble thereby.		14. B×B	R×Kt
4. PK3	Castles	15. P×Kt	Q×Pch
5. BQ3	PQ3	16. KR1	QB7
6. KtK2	PK4	17. RKKt1	
Black's object is to force one of the centre files and get an open game.		The only move, but sufficient.	
7. Castles	RK1	17. RK8	
8. PB3		18. BK3	Q×B
A good move, stopping any nonsense on e4 and g4.		19. KR×R	B×R
8. P×P	P×P	He has regained his piece, and makes wily use of the B "shut-off," but the White QBP is deadly.	
9. P×P	PKR3	20. P×P	RK1
He is bound to stop BKT5 and KtQ5, but now his last chance of B×Kt disappears.		21. BK4	
10. KtK4!	PQ4	Here White might have tried a "shut-off" on his own account thus 21. BB8, QK7; 22. Q×Rch! Q×Q; 23. PKt8!	
He was threatened with PQR3 and the extermination of the Bishop, but 10. — PB3 was the likelier process.		21. QKt5	RKB1
11. Kt×Ktch	Q×Kt	22. QK7	QB7
12. QR4	KtB3	No good at all, the R is lost.	
		23. PK8(Q)	Resigns.
		A jolly little skirmish, true to the type of what is ironically called "Social" chess.	



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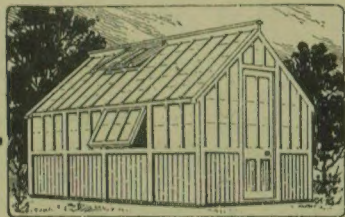
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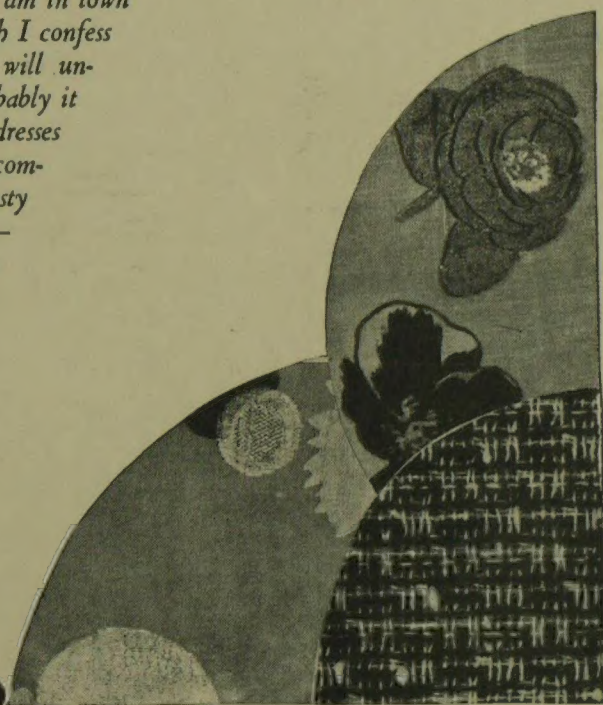
What **MUST**  
you wear for  
the **WINTER**  
?

If you were reading  
**BRITANNIA** and **EVE**  
you'd know

"You may still be on your holidays, but I am not. You are probably still bathing, golfing and walking aimlessly on moors or cliffs, but I am in town and have already seen 'The Barretts of Wimpole Street' (although I confess that I had to journey as far as Malvern to see them!). But you will undoubtedly visit them in their London home as soon as you return. Probably it is warm, and the sun is shining and you are wearing those sleeveless dresses which belie all the hard things said about our retrograde fashions, or those comfortable shorts which refute the still harder remarks made about the mock modesty of our race. But I can tell you what you will be wearing at Christmas time—and, believe me, you will look charming—for by special permission I have been allowed to see the collections of the big dressmakers in Paris.

By the time these words are in print I shall know the secrets of next season, but the special facilities granted to me as representative of **BRITANNIA AND EVE** are permitted only on the understanding that no word of what is seen shall appear before a certain date. The September issue contains all I know—you really must get it . . . ."

The Editor gets the Secrets  
FOR YOU







Sir Edward  
—the Enthusiastic.

*"All his eggs in one basket."*

Travers: "By the way, Ted, I must thank you for introducing me to 'Duggie.' He's all you say, and got me out of a devil of a hole on Wednesday!"

Sir Edward: "Why, what happened?"

Travers: "Well, as you know, I had two other accounts besides 'Duggie's'—each with £100 limit. I lost last week to all three: made out my cheques on Monday; put them in my pocket, but foolishly forgot to post them till lunch-time, Tuesday."

Sir Edward: "That was the day I told you to back 'Cinders,' wasn't it?"

Travers: "Yes. I 'phoned the first two agents to invest a 'pony' each way. They both rather bluntly pointed out that my cheques had not been received; neither would accept my excuse or bets. Then I 'phoned 'Duggie.'"

Sir Edward: "How did you get on with him?"

Travers: "I had the pleasure of talking to Stuart himself. After hearing my explanation he unreservedly accepted my assurance that the cheque was in the post and gladly took my commission—in fact, he asked me whether I required any more. As 'Cinders' won at 100-15, it made a nice difference, and my thanks are due to you for two good tips."

Sir Edward: "I hope your experience has taught you a lesson!"

Travers: "Well, as you know, I never like having 'all my eggs in one basket,' but in future it's 'Duggie' every time for me, more especially as I understand he accepts bets at 'Tote' odds with No Limit."

Sir Edward: "Fine! What you tell me makes me even more enthusiastic about 'Duggie.'"

Follow Sir Edward's advice—  
Write a personal note to  
"Duggie" now, and become  
an equally enthusiastic client.

# Douglas Stuart

*"Stuart House," Shaftesbury Avenue, London*